

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1941



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A MESSAGE *from the* **GRAND** **EXALTED RULER**

HELLO, AMERICANS—

I know, my Brother Elks, "Hello, Americans" is an unusual beginning for my first message, but that is the way I feel.

As we see the whirlpool of world madness encroaching upon our peaceful land, we are more conscious of the value of our heritage of American citizenship. Therefore, it is my wish that every member of our great Order greet his fellow members wherever they may meet, with "Hello, American!" That all lodges through their bulletins and other communications to the membership use this most honored salutation—"Hello, American!"

Let's make it ring in every corner of this favored land.

To each and every member of our great Order, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, I desire to express my sincere appreciation for the honor of having conferred on me the mantle of leadership. I pledge, in return, that I will devote my full strength and ability to the duties of this high office and I ask the full and complete cooperation of every one, no matter what rank, for it is only with such support that we will be able to carry out the ambitious program that has been outlined by your officers.

It was indeed most fitting that, facing these days when the cause of human freedom is trembling upon its throne, our Order convened for its annual session in Philadelphia, the cradle of liberty. I am sure that every delegate was inspired with a sense of responsibility to

our Country and a feeling that Elkdom must assume even added burdens, for no organization in America is more representative of the ideals, the patriotism, the wholesome virtues and the humanity of the American people than the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch's administration of the affairs of the Order for the year just passed had the greatest gain in membership in the last eighteen years. My ambition is to go forward.

During the course of my year in office I will discuss various phases of our program, but at present it is sufficient to call your attention to the main objectives—the organization of new lodges and the induction into our ranks of the right kind of members. We are also going to carry on the Crippled Children's program; there will be a roundup of delinquent members in October, and a continuance of the great and varied humanitarian work of the Grand Lodge and subordinate lodges.

Our great leaders in the past have prepared this Order to meet the crisis now threatening the American way of life and liberty. It now falls on us, the present membership, to keep faith with those great leaders.

Sincerely and fraternally,

John S. O. O'Connell
GRAND EXALTED RULER.



THE Elks

MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . . ."—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

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Contents

SEPTEMBER 1941

Cover Design by Ronald McLeod	
A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler....	1
Floats on Parade.....	4
Three Little Pigs Went to Market.....	6
Elwood Hadley	
The Almighty Muscle.....	10
Stanley Frank	
What America Is Reading.....	11
Harry Hansen	
My Two Days in the Army.....	12
Kent Richards	

Your Dog	16
Ed Faust	
Rod and Gun.....	17
Ray Trullinger	
Editorial	18
The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention	20
News of the State Associations.....	24
Under the Antlers.....	26
The Grand Lodge of Sorrow.....	33
Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation	34
Keep 'Em Flying.....	35
Elks National Defense Commission	
District Deputies Appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler	36
Vacations Unlimited.....	55
John Ransom	

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

SUCH is fame—Elwood Hadley (fiction signature of Earl J. Hadley) sold his first short story to *The Elks Magazine*. And a lightsome bit it is, too. It is called "Three Little Pigs Went to Market", and the market is the Stock Market, a dangerous spot for little pigs. Greed, in the case of these particular pigs, led to some intriguing experiences for all concerned, characters and readers. Mr. Hadley was a former City Editor of the *New York Evening Sun* and later *The Sun*; Assistant Managing Editor of the *New York Globe*, and partner in the Metropolitan Newspaper Service, a national feature syndicate. More recently he has been connected with the brokerage field in Wall Street. Born in Indiana, he is a graduate of Stanford University, California, where he edited the "Quad", the University yearbook, and the "Chaparral", the college comic magazine.

Good old Kent Richards is with us again, bringing with him a report of his horrifying two days in the Army. Mr. Richards tells all about what to expect when the mailman drops at the door Uncle Sam's invitation to join the growing draft army. Depending on how the boys feel about it, they will either have a darned good time, or some very sore feet.

The Elks National Defense Commission has inaugurated a program throughout the Order to organize flying units of boys to join the air corps. The air corps needs men badly and we'll do our best to supply them. The plea of the Commission is on page 35. Your local Defense Committee will supply you with further details.

The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention starts on page 20 and, take it from us, the Convention was very social. Everyone we saw was certainly enjoying himself, and we were no exception.

The Supplementary Report of the National Foundation is on page 34, with pictures of the winners of the best student awards. The Foundation seems this year to have done an even more outstanding job than ever before. We can all be thankful that our Order has such an organization within its ranks.

Ed Faust this time tells us something we never knew before. Your dog can be pretty much of a champion even if he never saw a pedigree. The American Kennel Club sponsors obedience tests in which your dog can attain various degrees of excellence—and badges and medals to prove it. Don't think it's easy, though. It isn't. Some of the tests would be difficult even for your Editor (like the one where the pooch has to jump over a three-foot hurdle and retrieve a wooden dumbbell in its teeth. We don't think we could do it.)

J. B. S.

Cream of Kentucky

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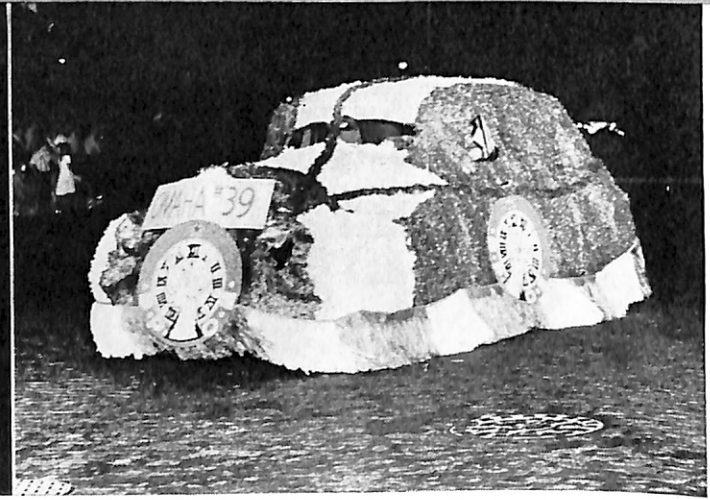


WISCONSIN

Floats on Parade



CALIFORNIA



OMAHA, NEB.



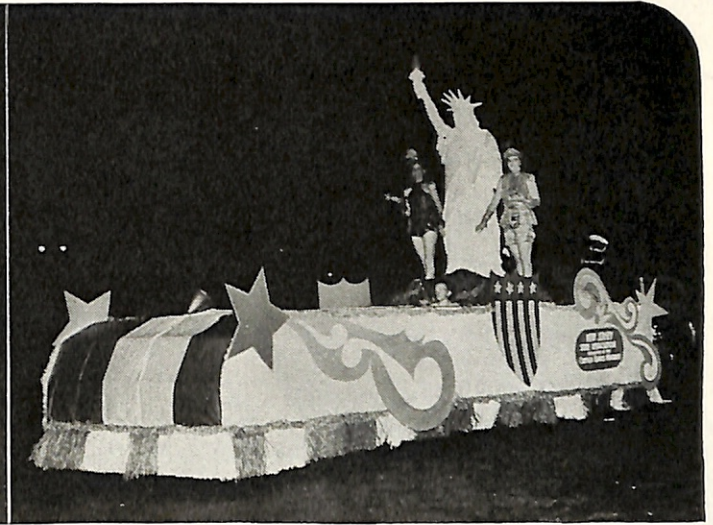
YORK, PA.



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OREGON

THE GRAND LODGE *Convention*

In Philadelphia, Pa.,
July, 1941



NORTH CAROLINA



PHILADELPHIA, PA.



THREE LITTLE PIGS

Went to Market

Money is a pretty nasty thing to be without—but then it's sometimes pretty nasty to be with, too.

By Elwood Hadley

AFTER all," said Aunt Mabel, "that was just like a man. In my opinion, King Lear was a chump."

Our three dessert spoons lost direction, then settled back to their plates.

"The point is, what can you expect from relatives, when they can expect nothing more from you?"

Aunt Mabel studied our faces.

They were as blank as my shirt-front. "A penny," she said, "for your thoughts."

We were not thinking in pennies. Long overdue bills smouldered in my pocket. I looked at Ellen. Even the blue of her eyes had paled; Ellen was never able to keep money in her purse long enough to take it out again. As for Lem—when it comes to getting it in the neck, his Adam's Apple was protruding like a welt. Lem nibbles at the stock market.

Aunt Mabel was a composite aunt to us, although we were not related to each other; Lem was the son of her late sister, Ellen the niece of her late husband, and I was the stepson of her late brother; but we were all Dowds to Aunt Mabel. She had taken us under the shelter of her ample roof—and still more ample shelter of

Uncle George's appreciable fortune.

"Look here—suppose I stopped all your allowances, and divided my money up among you right now—on the Shakespeare plan. What would you do?" Aunt Mabel eyed us over the rim of her liqueur glass. "I don't suppose you'd turn me out in the rain, exactly. There'd be the neighbors to think of. But you'd pitch my ideas out of doors, all right, as fast as they did King Lear." We winced in unison.

It was Aunt Mabel's idea that Lem Ward should fall for Ellen Dowd. It was her idea that Ellen should remain as scrupulously unsuspecting, meanwhile, as a Victorian blush. It was her idea that I was always under foot in this matter of Ellen, and that although twenty-five, I would not be really grown-up for another fifteen



years. And when Aunt Mabel gets ideas, they are there to stay.

"I have been thinking things over," Aunt Mabel tapped a cigarette on her gold case—she is Victorian only for others. "King Lear divided his kingdom between two hopefuls and cut off one. But he failed to slip a reversion clause into the contract. Now, I have a better plan."

There was no need for her to pause for attention; we would not have noticed an air-raid.

"What I propose is to cut off two four-flushers and name the truly deserving one as sole heir."

I never realized before that the clock had a tick like the crack of doom. I could feel myself shrivel. I could not think of one item in my relations with Aunt Mabel lending itself to favorable mention. Then I noticed Ellen and Lem. This arrested my disintegration. If I ever saw two faces from the Rogue's Gallery, they were before me now.

Aunt Mabel's enjoyment, as she sipped her liqueur, was almost indecent. For the core of her existence had always been Family. Mrs. Mabel Fitz-Mortimer Dowd, we had felt, would not care to be related to impetuous Dowds, even after she were dead. That had promised our Social Security. Never until this moment had she seen such aggregated humility in a group of Dowds, direct or collateral. Life, she indicated, could be worth living, after all.

"To forestall law-suits, I should add, two of you are specifically ex-

cluded from the will. No oversight can be established."

Lem managed to speak first. Usually I am the one to get going, even before I have thought what to say.

"Are we to understand," said Lem, "that you have cut off two of us and named one?"

This was a crafty question. Its innocent syllables covered a vital point. If Aunt Mabel said yes, it meant that the thing had already been done. It was essential to know whether to play up to Aunt Mabel or to the new heir.

"You heard me," returned Aunt Mabel.

I cleared my throat. I found myself speaking, as usual, before I had caught up with my words.

"Don't you think we ought to have had some warning?"

Still, the question was better than Lem's; whichever way it was answered would date the facts in the case.

"What do you think?"

"Well," commented Ellen, catching the drift, "there's no use crying over spilt milk, is there, Aunt Mabel?"

"I don't like milk."

I TOOK a walk. So did Lem. And so, unescorted, did Ellen. We struck out in three different directions. Each of us sought the most secluded side streets. But these tunnels of shade trees by night were blinding in comparison with our thoughts. There wasn't one of us, I gathered, who really believed he had earned the

Aunt Mabel said, "Now what I propose is to cut off two four-flushers and name the truly deserving one as sole heir."

choice. To be sure, there was that fifty cents' worth of violets I had once brought Aunt Mabel; her surprise was so touching I thought she would remember it for life. I wished now I had not been giving her the chance to do so. I doubted if Lem or Ellen could cast up that much of a total. But, of course, there were other standards of measurement.

Suppose the heir were already named. If it were myself, I would know jolly well what to think. I would be only the Heir Transparent. Aunt Mabel would X-ray my thought germs. I could hold a position quite as securely on a slate roof.

And then the full, perfidious beauty of the scheme came over me; the designation, being anonymous, could rotate in order of merit; Journeymen Heirs, so to speak. It came down to this: each one of us would have to offset the past conduct of himself; the combined past, present and future conduct of two others. That is, you had to be seven times as good as *Good*, just to break even! And, since there were three of us, Aunt Mabel would be the recipient of twenty-one times the norm of human endeavor!

Aunt Mabel was right. King Lear was a chump....

I drew up at a corner. Zigzagging

as I had, I didn't exactly know where I was. Two figures, from opposite directions, materialized out of the darkness.

Lem laughed. Unpleasantly.

"Some people seem to be lost in a fog—going around in a circle."

"Or," I returned pointedly, "attempting a run-around." I could be as unpleasant as Lem.

"Anyhow, I'm dizzy," agreed Ellen, wanly.

"Well, since we're all together, we might as well go back."

Lem meant, as we were aware, that a threesome avoided the implications of a twosome. It indicated, though, that he had not yet figured his course. And knowing Aunt Mabel's views on the subject, it was a delicate consideration. He and I spaced Ellen mathematically between us. The line was not easy to dress, however, for Lem's lanky stride would span a creek. Ellen was not short, but delectably middle-sized, and this was another reason why she and I were meant for each other; we could start out on a walk and arrive together.

Unfortunately, Ellen did not know this; she had eyes only for Lem. And she had been giving Lem a rush that shocked Aunt Mabel's Victorian fiber; while Lem, with impenetrable diffidence, had enacted the waiting role she had cast for Ellen. Therefore, Ellen was not aware that our two footsteps, hers and mine, beat as one; and although panting a little in protest, her expression now was charged with rapture at the killing reach of Lem's legs.

"There's one thing, though," I pieced out breath to say, "we ought to agree to keep this thing to ourselves. Why, if it got around this town that I am out of Aunt Mabel's will, I'd be liquidated in tar and feathers."

The shot told, as I meant it to; for if I had bills, Lem had margin calls. I saw that I was safe from publicity. It was not Lem, though, but Ellen who set the pace now. Her tidy feet fairly buzzed. My remark, it seems, had reminded her that she couldn't swing credit for a hair-net. Her haste, as well as mine and Lem's, was a sub-conscious urge to get back into the codicil.

We let ourselves into the house gingerly and presented ourselves to Aunt Mabel. Our precise impersonality of grouping, however, was lost upon her. She was studying a telegram. Some of her color had faded and the flesh about her eyes was drawn like fine rubber. She crumpled up the yellow sheet and pitched it to the floor.

Then she reached down and picked it up again. Smoothing out the wad on her knee, she muttered,

"I don't see it—I don't see it at all!"

We fidgeted to be helpful—that is, to be in on it; but one does not pry into Aunt Mabel's affairs. We could only hover, exuding more sympathy than there is. And when her lips moved, we bowed our heads reverent-

ly; at an ecclesiastical word here and there. Then we gathered that she was recapitulating her views on the Stock Market.

"George always did it!" she exclaimed aloud. "When the market goes down and General Gadgets goes down with it—buy more Gadgets. That was his motto. And my husband always did buy more. From vice-president till he was chairman of the board."

We receded uniformly. There are times, with Aunt Mabel, when the best to aspire to is low-visibility. We knew the market had been sliding off on a fresh tangent of war news, and that today it had taken a nasty tumble; but when did a circumstance so trivial invade the serenity of these walls? The evening paper, as I came out on the train, had played up something about a "wave of selling", "thin market", "wide-open break"—I didn't read it. Aunt Mabel's husband, Uncle George, had been known for a judgment as sound as oak. Dowd money was above fluctuation; as impregnable as respectability.

"George had a method that never failed," Aunt Mabel laid the telegram on the table with a shaking hand. "Whenever the market started to go down much, he got all his General Gadgets stock out of his vault and deposited it with his broker. Then, when the market took a real nose-dive, he was all set. He would get the broker to loan him just as much money as the stock that he was depositing was worth—sort of like a mortgage, you see. Then with that money he would buy exactly as many more shares as the stock he was depositing."

"But, Aunt Mabel, isn't that—what I mean is," Lem cleared his throat awkwardly, "buying on margin?"

She did not notice him.

"When the market rallied, George would wait until he had enough profit to pay off his debt to the broker—" Aunt Mabel paused at Ellen's excruciating effort at comprehension. "See here, child, when the market went up again to a point where he had a profit on all his stock, both new and old, which was equal to the amount of money he had borrowed from the broker, he would sell just enough of stock to pay back the broker. Then he would get out of the market with a lot more shares than he went in with, and you might say they didn't cost him a cent."

"You mean," returned Ellen brightly, "that he could keep buying General Gadgets all the time, without costing him a cent?"

"What better example could I want?" demanded Aunt Mabel. "Your Uncle George always said that his system was everything but fool-proof."

"Quite." Lem spoke soothingly, but with caution. "Of course, the market's kind of different from what it was in Uncle George's time—a good deal thinner, so I have heard. In that case, if you're thinking of following Uncle George, why not use—



well, say, only a fourth of your General Gadgets stock? Then, if the market went very sour, and you couldn't sell at a profit, after all, you might have to lose only a little in getting out of debt to the broker."

"That wasn't George's system. Do you think I'd use anybody *else's*?"

This held Lem. I put in, quickly, seeing a chance to acquire merit with Aunt Mabel:

"And besides, Uncle George left you a lot of other stocks."

"I wonder," Aunt Mabel brooded, "whether I ought to have turned everything else I had into General Gadgets?"

Lem tried to keep out of it, but couldn't.

"Then you—you put *everything*

Illustrated by JOHN POLGREEN

The next moment Ellen was kissing me and Lem was visibly annoyed.

into Gadgets? You mean everything you had in the world?"

"Including this house."

Lem's lips shaped a noiseless whistle. I felt a little queer, myself.

"And now my broker," Aunt Mabel snorted, "wants thirty-two thousand dollars!"

Ellen patted Aunt Mabel's hand.

"What a nuisance!" she murmured, with the induplicable shrug of the rich.

"Nuisance—why, girl alive, I haven't got it!"

"No, of course not." Ellen's understanding smile conveyed that Aunt Ellen probably didn't carry such a sum in her handbag.

"And he wants it—this additional margin, as he calls it—before the opening tomorrow morning, or he'll have to dump all my stock on the market. He means he'll have to sell everything—*everything*, you understand—to get enough at these prices to make up what I owe him."

The objects of the room started to file past me in a gently rotary motion. Lem, the color of split-pea soup, was running his handkerchief around his collar.

"I called up my lawyer."

"What did he tell you?"

"That I ought to have consulted him before this!"

"Well..."

"Never mind about that. I have things to say to *him*, too. Anyhow, he figured it out for me. General Gadgets closed today at 45 $\frac{1}{8}$. If the broker can sell at 45—"

"That let's you out?"

"Without cabfare."

Lem mopped his collar again.

"If he has to sell it below that, then I'm under water. For good."

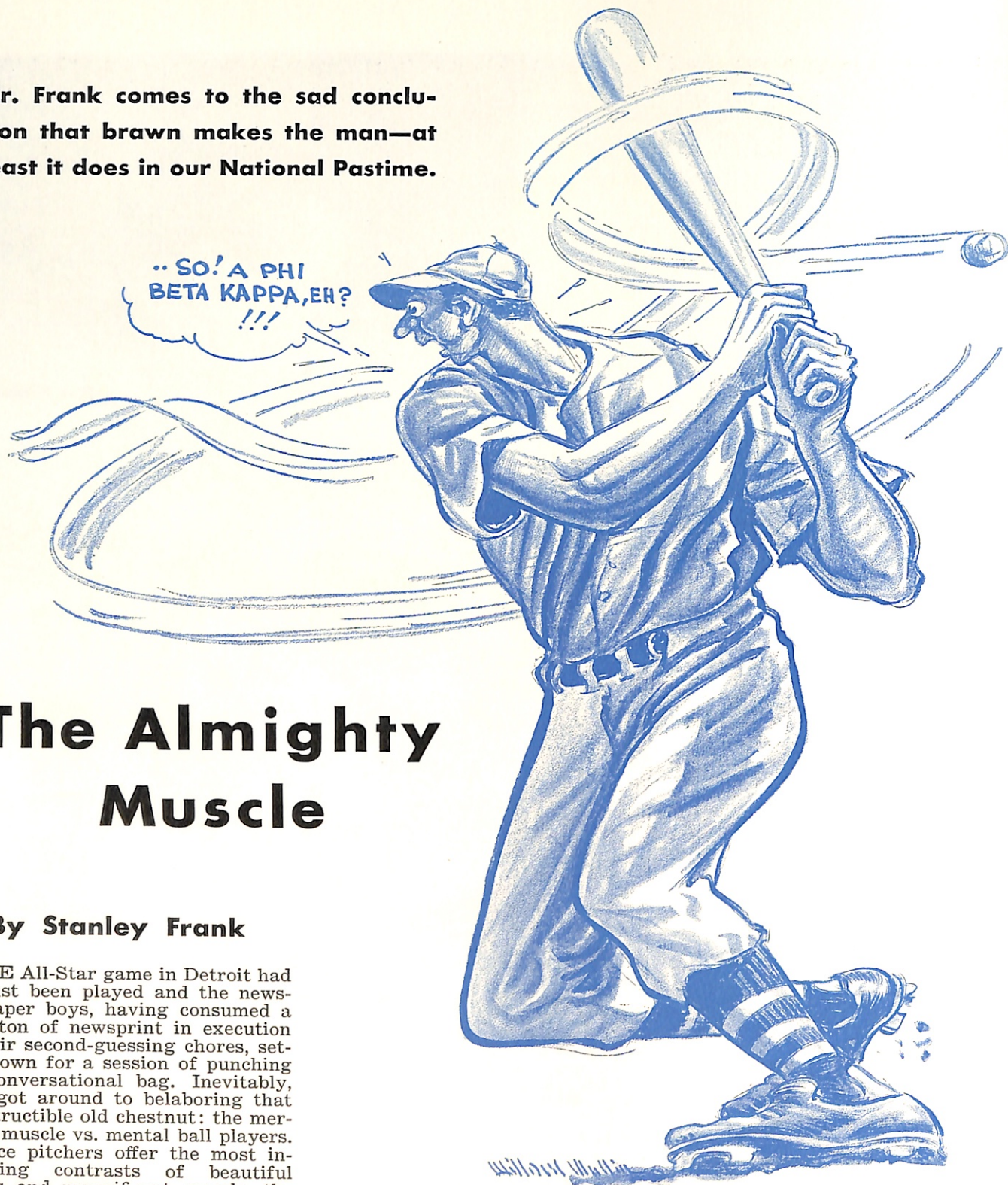
The mention of water aroused me.

"Let me get you a nice, cold drink," I said. I made a sign to Lem and pushed through the door of the

(Continued on page 42)



Mr. Frank comes to the sad conclusion that brawn makes the man—at least it does in our National Pastime.



The Almighty Muscle

By Stanley Frank

THE All-Star game in Detroit had just been played and the newspaper boys, having consumed a light ton of newsprint in execution of their second-guessing chores, settled down for a session of punching the conversational bag. Inevitably, they got around to belaboring that indestructible old chestnut: the merits of muscle vs. mental ball players.

Since pitchers offer the most interesting contrasts of beautiful brains and magnificent muscle, the boys gradually confined the discussion to Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson, the great contemporaries who were selected by each side in support of its contention. The brain-trusters pointed with pride to Matty, the Bucknell University graduate who won 372 games for the Giants in seventeen seasons. The pundits who like their heroes well developed from the neck down, countered with Johnson, the Kansas farm boy who won 414 games in twenty-one seasons for the Senators, a team which finished in the doghouse of the second division half the time.

The disputants were getting nothing but hoarse and indignant until

someone had the presence of mind to put the question to Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington ball club and reputed to have held the limebucket for Abner Doubleday when the first diamond was laid out. Given his choice of one pitcher in his prime, whom would Griff take—Matty or Johnson? Mr. Griffith scratched his head with the right hand which could not throw a ball hard enough to break a paper hoop but which, nevertheless, led the American League in pitching in 1901.

"That Mathewson was a wonder," Griff said, "but for the long haul and a game you had to win, I'd take that Johnson. A smart pitcher is fine until he gets into a tough spot.

Then you go crazy worrying whether he'll guess right and outsmart the batter. When one of those strong-arm guys gets in a jam you don't worry at all. You, the batter and everybody in the ball park know he is just going to cock that arm of his and blow the ball across the plate. I'll take that man with the muscle every time. It's an old gag but it still goes. You can't hit what you can't see."

This will be most disenchanting to the fans, who are fond of investing their heroes with the intelligence of the Quiz Kids, at least. It is a harmless delusion and it hurts nobody except those who, knowing the I.Q.

(Continued on page 48)

At right is John Masefield whose new book, "In the Mill", has just been published.

IN 1937 A. J. Cronin published a novel that swept the country. It was "The Citadel", and not to have read this account of the courageous struggle of a small-town physician against all the established authorities in medicine was to proclaim oneself ignorant. In 1938 Dr. Cronin—he was a physician before he became an author—told, in similar fashion, the story of a nurse, but this remained in the files of a magazine and did not see book form. Now, however, he issues a new novel, "The Keys of the Kingdom", in which he deals with the tribulations of a parish priest and missionary, a Scot who is humble, tactful and generous, who has to fight smugness, tradition and ignorance in his superiors and associates. Smoothly written, with a most appealing character in its central figure of Father Chisholm, "The Keys of the Kingdom" is bound to be widely popular.

The title comes from the words of Christ to Peter: "And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Francis Chisholm was the son of a fisherman, and as a boy he went out with his father to see the haul of salmon in the Tweed. He grew up to be called an unruly lad by his elders, but actually he was direct, sensitive to suffering, eager to help, and he broke rules to do so. When he entered the priesthood he often found his superiors too exacting, ready to serve the letter rather than the spirit of the law, and he smarted under injustice. As a curate he was not a "success"—he exposed an attempt to fake a miracle, he started community entertainment where it was not wanted; but though some condemned him, others, such as the Bishop, upheld him. To get him out of Scotland the authorities shipped him as a missionary to China,

Below is A. J. Cronin, author of the best-selling book, "The Keys of the Kingdom".



WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading

By Harry Hansen

and it is in Pai-tan that he meets with his most important adventures. Here, as elsewhere, he is the humble and forgiving servant of God; war and pestilence surround him; the people with whom he deals are against him. And here Father Chisholm cries out for courage in the church, for battle against the terror and wickedness of wars. And never does he forget that he must go where the plague is, where the bandits fight

and hold men for ransom. Like the Jesuits among the Hurons Father Chisholm falls among bandits, endures punishment and makes an exciting escape.

As a story-teller Dr. Cronin is adroit, holding the interest of the reader with every page. But though the book deals with many agonized moments, the story is neither horrible nor intensely moving. Sometimes
(Continued on page 50)



Don't point your rifle at anyone unless you intend to kill him.

But the most important aspect of their induction are the tests given them to determine just what part of army life they are best fitted for. On the answers to questions asked at this crucial period depends whether the new man will spend his year in the army in a comparatively cushy job in an office, or whether he will spend it pushing one foot in front of another for fifteen or twenty miles a day after the manner of the buck private since the year 1. There are about 275 jobs in civilian life which can be duplicated in the army and the lad is fortunate who qualifies for one of them. Not only does it give him a chance to do something he knows about, but it might provide more pay. And in this selectees' army more pay is the one thing there isn't nearly enough of.

Now, the selectee all dressed up in his spic-and-span and scratchy new uniform—and by army ruling it's a major crime to call him a draftee—is all set and ready to go to "war". Emotionally he has steeled himself for the long drills, the fatiguing maneuvers which everybody has told him he will be up against. But does it happen? Not at all. It is apparently the policy of the Army not to assign any "turkeys" to the new men during their first two weeks of service. And a turkey, in the Army, is not something crisp and brown and filled with stuffing and served with cranberries on the side. An army turkey is to be avoided like a plague—it's trainese for a tough job. So for the first two weeks nobody gets any real work to do with the result that not a few of the boys get the understandable, but distinctly erroneous impression that life in the army is just a pleasant sort of a picnic to which everybody wears a uniform. Maybe like an American Legion lawn party. Their awakening is painful to witness. After the sweetly somnambulant period following their induction, it is only with the greatest reluctance that they finally accept the fact that dishpan hands and bunions are as much a part of the army as a powder room is of a night club.

But perhaps the rudest awakening of all comes with the gradual realization of the facts about hostesses. It was a pleasant thought, back in the home town waiting for one's number to be called, that one would be greeted on arrival in camp by a pleasant, attractive person who would thereafter act as one's hostess and be on tap to take care of the little social amenities that are bound to arise in a man's life. The pictures in the Sunday supplements of selectees in Camp being relieved from boredom by these engaging Uncle Sam's ladies were most appealing and doubtless induced many a lad with an eye for the femmes to volunteer before his

Hostesses are somewhat less numerous than many other people connected with Army life—sergeants, for instance.

Others indicate their attitude by lounging along with an obviously exaggerated carelessness that doesn't fool anybody. A few are likely to arrive loaded down with convivial spirits rated by the U. S. Government at 100 proof. These are the exceptions and only if they become obstreperous do they spend their first night in the guard house. By and large our selectees have a job to do and they know it.

Although there was some confusion when the first men were draft-

ed, now the selectees go through the routine of induction with the endless chain efficiency of a General Motors production line. At Fort Dix, N. J., they enter one end of a building as civilians and come out the other as soldiers. At least they are wearing soldier's clothes. In between they gradually and self-consciously shed various articles of clothing and put on O.D. issue in its place. There they are also treated to a few doses of assorted germs guaranteed to fight off smallpox and typhoid.



number came up so somebody else wouldn't be beating his time.

But, alas! it doesn't work out that way. There are boys who have been in the army for weeks and have never even seen a hostess, much less played bridge with one. A few of the boys who carefully clipped roto section pictures of their regimental heart-throb (they hoped) have carried them faithfully over their hearts until they became so worn and frayed that the features were no longer recognizable, and still they haven't seen rag nor bone nor hank of hair of them. There are hostesses, doubtless, but it is becoming obvious to the selectees that they are somewhat less numerous than many other people prominently identified with army life. Sergeants, for example.

When a selectee really starts training, it seems to him as if every third man in uniform is a sergeant. As a matter of fact there are more kinds

a dozen. They grow wild like daisies. But a good Master Sergeant is produced only after three service hitches. He is a super-soldier, the highest art form military intelligence is able to produce—the result of generations of creative effort. And you ask, is he valuable!"

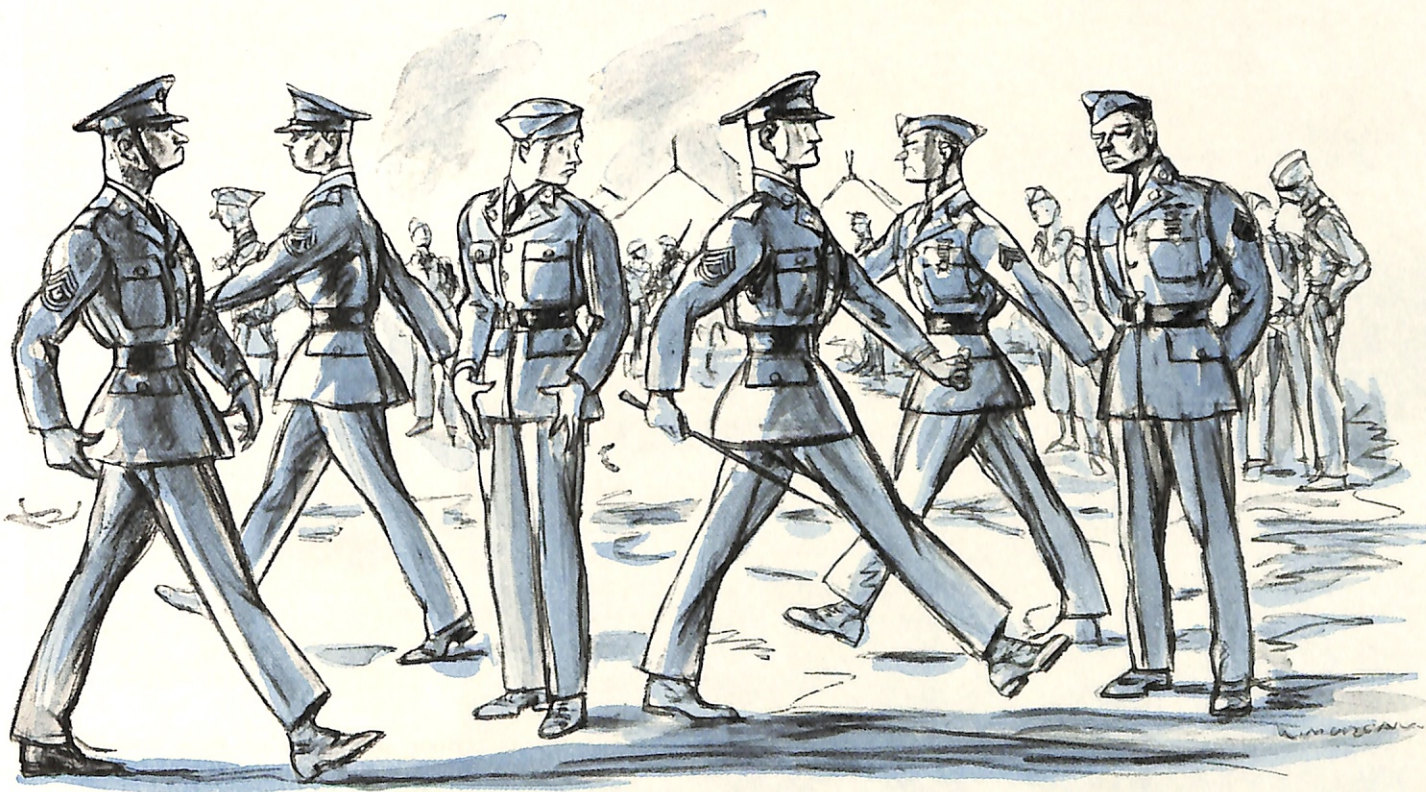
Although a selectee becomes aware of sergeants the moment he finishes with his draft board, it is not until his active training begins that he starts to see them in his sleep. Some years ago a peace-minded public flocked to see "All Quiet on the Western Front". One of the memorable scenes from this picture showed a German officer drilling recruits. Continuously he drilled them across the

the stuff they are made of—the spirit they bring to their job. They'd rather die than admit they're so tired their knees are shaking. Usually they are silent for a moment and then someone sings out, "Hell, no. Let's keep going till your voice gives out." And the sergeant, as pleased beneath his rough exterior as if he had personally spawned each of them, will start the commands again as if he were going on till doomsday. But soon they will stop—the exercise will be over and the army will have gained another chunk of spunk and morale.

Although the sergeants aren't the only ones who are giving orders in Uncle Sam's new army, the real re-

Illustrated by WALLACE MORGAN

It seemed to the poor fellows that every third man in uniform was some kind of a sergeant.



of sergeants than most people realize—five, to be exact—which is about four and a half more than the average trainee thinks he requires. But of all these, only one is just a plain, garden variety sergeant. Everybody else who is a sergeant has some fancy little extra title which sets him apart from the ordinary sergeant. One of them is a Technical Sergeant, for example. Another is a Staff Sergeant and another a First Sergeant. But king of them all, outranking them in position and, what is perhaps more important, in pay, by the enormous sum of \$42 a month, is the Master Sergeant, considered by some to be the most important man in the Army. "Master Sergeant?" asks a grizzled colonel. "Are they valuable? Why man alive you can get lieutenants, captains and majors for a dime

wet and sodden parade ground, commanding them every few feet to throw themselves flat in the mud. The public was shocked at the "brutal" treatment of these German lads getting their first real taste of military training. Well, compared with present-day training in the U. S. Army, this scene from "All Quiet" is Boy Scout stuff. When a sergeant takes out a detail of selectees today to practice a particular maneuver, whether it's putting up a pup tent, loading a rifle or setting up a machine gun, it is the custom to keep repeating the maneuver over and over again until the trainees give visible evidence of collapsing. Then in a tone of a story teller pausing in the middle of an endless tale, he politely inquires, "Is anybody tired?"

And that's where these boys show

responsibility for moulding soldiers out of clerks, chauffeurs, lawyers, ball players, WPAayers and ex-CCC boys belongs with the non-commissioned officers—which means sergeants. Corporals are important only to corporals. Sergeants supervise every detail of the selectees' activity while they are on duty, which is all the time they are not actually outside the camp at liberty. Even then there will be a sergeant around some place. He is wet nurse, father confessor, dictator, court of justice and source of all information. When he is around the wise selectee turns off his thinker, closes his mouth and stands ready to receive orders. For if there is anything the common soldier or buck private learns about how to get along in the army—and it was

(Continued on page 45)

Sit up, Fido

THE church was hushed as the Reverend wound up his sermon, when suddenly we heard the click of a dog's claws sounding overly loud, as a perky little terrier ambled down the aisle. To the amusement of the faithful and the indignation of the pretty girl who sat next to us, he paused and then tried to climb into her lap. In a vibrant whisper she shooed him away, gave

to one of the highest honors in the world of dogs, the right to sign U.D. after his name. U.D. stands for Utility Dog and comparatively few there are that have won this distinction which is only attained after a series of exacting obedience tests. Utility Obedience training is really a post-graduate course in canine education, concluded by a tracking course that would have Sherlock Holmes walking in circles. Our little four-legged trespasser didn't aimlessly find his way to church;

To many it is still that—but not so the Obedience Tests. Here Fido lays all his cards on the table and does things that everybody can understand and wishes to heck his or her dog could do. In this, the dog's physical perfections play second fiddle to his think-tank. He's ready to show how well he can respond to commands to perform useful jobs and likewise parade his sense of judgement.

Suppose we take a look-see at a typical Test. Here we are at an out-



Photo by Cy La Tour

Your DOG

By Edward Faust

a few terse commands and he, with an air of injured innocence, obediently trotted down the aisle and out the door. To most who saw the little comedy it was just a stray dog getting the bum's rush. But we happened to know something about that pooch and knew that he was by no means merely a dog on the loose. Far from it, he was one of the prized possessions of the girl who only a few weeks before had piloted him

he'd deliberately tracked his mistress there. For him that was a cinch. He'd passed his Tracking Test with high marks to prove that he was no slouch as a sleuth.

Prior to 1936 when official permission was given by the American Kennel Club, governing body for pure-bred dogs, to hold Obedience Tests in connection with dog shows, to the majority of spectators show procedure was a bit of a mystery.

door show and we pick this in preference to an indoor event (Obedience Tests are and can be held at either). The outdoor show is a heap more colorful, particularly if the weather behaves itself. And, if it does, there's the sunshine, the air and, more often than not, the beautiful background of a country club or large estate—all to present a dog show at its best.

Into the roped-off ring, which, by the way, is a square or oblong, we see eight candidates for the freshman class—the Novice A as it is officially termed. Before the purps start doing their stuff, let's explain that professional trainers, dog handlers who are professionals and kennel men are barred from this event. The guy or gal piloting the dog must be a simon-pure and only one dog can be shown by an exhibitor. Some of these pooches may never have won a ribbon on the show bench but

(Continued on page 52)

To make a long story short, this time Mr. Trullinger simply says, "Why fish if you can hunt?"

Rod Gun

By Ray Trullinger

DESPITE assurances that sportsmen will have little difficulty purchasing their usual hunting requirements this fall, there are indications that shortages will become noticeable long before the last pheasant of the season is ballasted with chilled 6s.

Although no shotgun shell shortage looms at this writing, there are noticeable empty spaces in sports shop gun racks and metallic cartridge stocks—particularly in the heavier calibers—are far from ample. And there is nothing to indicate that this situation will improve; quite the contrary, it probably will get worse. The stuff that goes into the manufacture of 30-30 deer cartridges also goes into .30-'06s. Roughly, here's how things shape up to date:

The big arms companies aren't accepting orders for their more popular models of rifles and shotguns. Dealers who ordered early this year will get what they ordered, or about what they ordered. Those who delayed will be out of luck, and so will their customers.

Such popular high power sporting rifles as the Winchester 70, Savage 99 and Remington 30-S are becoming scarce, and deliveries slow. When the buying rush really starts late this month it's almost a certainty there won't be enough new rifles in the popular deer calibers to go around.

And a buying rush is anticipated. Several million men who weren't hitting a time clock regularly a year ago now are getting in six days a week and overtime, and these lads have money to spend. It's granted they won't have much time to hunt, but that won't prevent them from buying a rifle or shotgun. Hunters and gun nuts have the pack rat instinct developed to a high degree—

at least in the instance of sporting firearms. Give 'em a few extra dollars to spend and they'll tote home a new shootin' iron of some kind.

This growing sporting firearms shortage, is, of course, easily explained. Skilled gunsmiths are a scarce article in this country and those employed by the big arms manufacturers no longer are working on sporting weapons. Anybody can push a button and operate an automatic loading machine which spews out shotgun shells in a steady stream, but it takes skill and real savvy to drill a rifle barrel.

The national defense effort is clipping the sportsman from still other angles. One high grade tackle manufacturer's plant, for instance, has

been so busy turning out gadgets for airplanes that the tackle business was beginning to suffer as early as last winter. Another concern, which turned out superb balsa wood decoys for wildfowlers, no longer can get balsa.

All in all the angler and peaceful powder-burner's horizon doesn't look any too rosy from this pew right now. Matter of fact, it's beginning to look as bleak as a hoss player's future.

September is about the best—if not the best—fishing month in the year although not many of the faithful are abroad with rod and reel much after Labor Day. Fish-

(Continued on page 54)





Drawings by John J. Floherty, Jr.

Hard Work Ahead

Editorial

Major McKinley

FORTY years ago on the 6th of this month, the wires tapped out the sad and tragic message to the nation from Buffalo that President McKinley had been assassinated. At the time, he was attending a public reception in the Music Hall of the Pan American Exposition. His assassin, Leon Czolgosz, an anarchist, fired two bullets both taking effect and causing McKinley's death nine days later.

William McKinley, twenty-fifth President, was a native of Ohio, where he was born in the town of Niles. During the Civil war, he served as a member of the 23rd O.V.I. and rendered distinguished services especially at the battles of Antietam and South Mountain. He was breveted a Major, a title which he much enjoyed and even in the White House preferred it to the formal "Mr. President".

He served his state as Governor for two terms and for six years was in the Congress of the United States where he served with distinction until his name became a household word. He was elected President in 1896 and re-elected in 1900. The Spanish-American War was fought during his first administration, a conflict into which he most reluctantly entered, for he was truly a man of peace.

He was universally respected and loved and the country contritely observed September 19th as a day of mourning and prayer. Other nations joined in an unprecedented demonstration in his honor. He was a most kindly man and endeared himself to the people by his constant solicitude for the comfort and welfare of his invalid wife. He truly was one of our great Presidents.

IT IS unavoidable that there is delay in throwing the machinery of a new administration of Grand Lodge affairs into high gear. Time is necessary to effect a change from an old to a new administration, but happily this comes at a time of year when this lost motion is less noticeable and less serious than it would be at any other time. Regardless of advance thinking, planning and preparation, the new Grand Exalted Ruler has many things to do in order to initiate his plans for the year's work which cannot possibly be undertaken until he has been inducted into office.

He has certain officers, committeemen and district deputies to appoint and if he makes the necessary effort to see that wise selections are made, the element of time must be taken into account for our Order is spread throughout the length and breadth of the Nation. It is true that he can enlist the services of many members who are willing to help, but the responsibility is his and on the wisdom of his selections, the success of his administration very largely depends. His first steps are, therefore, of great importance to him as well as the Order. The speed with which the work has been accomplished in the past and the resultant organization which has thus been set up is ample proof of the hard and thorough work which the Grand Exalted Ruler has done in the early stage of his administration. That the same work will again be done by the present executive head of the Order and equally efficient results attained is the hope and confidence of those who at the Philadelphia session of the Grand Lodge called him from the ranks into the high office he now holds.

The appointment of District Deputies is important and urgent for the Grand Exalted Ruler must, at the earliest possible date, visit these field generals of his administration and lay before them his plan of campaign as they will very largely be responsible for the results. It is the first duty of District Deputies to attend these meetings whenever and wherever



they are called. Excuses cannot be recognized except they be unavoidable and insurmountable.

In the Field of Sports

IN THESE days of wars and rumors of wars; of strikes and rumors of strikes; of sabotage and rumors of sabotage; of politics and rumors of politics, it is refreshing to turn to the contemplation of more pleasing things of which there are many. Among them are clean, healthful sports and at the top of the list baseball should perhaps be awarded first place. It is recognized as the national game but there are many others which are challenging it for preferment. Among the challengers may be mentioned football, basketball, horse racing, ice hockey, trap-shooting and many other amusements which lure us from our daily tasks, most of which take us into the wide open places where we derive the benefit of sunshine and pure air. You may prefer any one of these sports or you may prefer hunting, fishing, skiing, golfing, polo or what have you, but we think baseball will be selected by the large majority of the lovers of sport as the favorite. All will agree, however, that it is a great game and perhaps attracts a larger number than any other.

Then, it is a clean sport and builds character. Just contemplate the many outstanding men who have come into their first prominence on the baseball diamond. Some have become governors, senators and judges. Others have become professional and business men of great ability. Others have begun and finished their life's work on the diamond and have left records which are an inspiration to young men everywhere. Among the latter stands prominently Lou Gehrig, who only recently was called to his reward. The "Iron Horse" will go down in the history of the diamond as one of greatest among the many men who have won their laurels in the field of sports. No king, queen or potentate has ever been the subject of more favorable comment when his earthly

career was ended. He led a clean life and was always a true sportsman. He died as he had lived.

Display the Flag

AN ENTHUSIASTIC member of the Order returning from a journey which he describes as extending through the "eastern district" of the country, complains that he visited several lodges which did not display the American Flag and requests that we write a pointed editorial calling them to account for this dereliction. We gladly comply but we do not think that a "pointed" editorial is necessary for we are of the opinion that this oversight is due merely to negligence and must not be accepted as a lack of patriotic sentiment on the part of the members. However, it tends to cast reflection on our Order and especially on the lodges which thus fail to comply with a long-established custom generally recognized for many years.

In some instances, this failure may be due to the lack of a proper place for displaying the flag but it would seem that this could be easily remedied. Many lodges have gone to considerable expense to erect flag poles from which the emblem of our country is daily displayed. But no great expense is necessary in providing a suitable staff that the flag may be displayed from every lodge or Elks home.

Ours is an American Order and the display of the flag is not only in keeping with the patriotism which we teach but becomes a duty in these days of uncertainty and unrest when everything the flag represents is placed in jeopardy. All lodges pay respect to the flag during lodge meetings and many perhaps think this is all that is necessary. The importance of displaying the flag in public should not be overlooked and we hope that those lodges which are not conforming to this practice will make the necessary arrangements so that the American Flag will float from every lodge room throughout the length and breadth of the Nation.



Above: "The Spirit of '76", as portrayed by the New Jersey State Elks, Association

The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

ON Monday, July 14, at 8:00 P.M., Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch officially opened the Seventy-Seventh Elks Grand Lodge Convention.

As early as the preceding Saturday and Sunday, Grand Lodge delegates from all over the United States began to appear in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia to register for their credentials. Other members and their wives were getting their Convention badges at the home of Philadelphia Lodge No. 2. Each train arriving in Philadelphia brought a new contingent of Elks to the Pennsylvania City.

During the five days of the Convention, many hundreds of Elks and their families were daily visitors at *The Elks Magazine Exhibit*.

During the hottest hours of each day the Pabst Brewing Company played host to many hundreds of Elks who visited their Blue Room of Hospitality—it was a real haven for those who wanted a cool glass of beer.

On the opening day, before the first Session, the visiting Brothers and their families got themselves acquainted with the lovely old city of Philadelphia. The city presented a host of sight-seeing opportunities—trips to Valley Forge, swimming, boat trips on the river and a thousand other interesting things. In the morning the first qualifying round of the golf tournament took place and the contestants turned in some really good scores.

After a bad start, Joseph Wallace, of

Paterson, N.J., Lodge, No. 60, settled down to some top golf to take the honors in the qualifying round, carding 39-42-81, at the Manufacturers Golf and Country Club. He finished one stroke ahead of Phil Talbot, Bloomington, Indiana, Lodge, No. 446, who had held the lead most of the day. Mr. Talbot carded 40-42-82, and was trailed by Bill Keith, Amarillo, Tex., Lodge, No. 923, with 40-44-84. Next were two linksmen from Conneaut, Ohio, Lodge, No. 256: G. A. Dye, of the Buckeye State, carded 42-44-86, while his teammate, G. D. Kingdom, had 43-47-90.

All morning the contestants practiced at the traps for the Elks shoot. Later on, the Ritualistic Contest started in the lodge room of the Philadelphia Elks Club. The winners were announced as soon as possible.

The first prize was awarded to Decatur, Ga., Lodge, No. 1602, with a score of 97.1913%, whose members traveled 803 miles to compete. The second award went to Niles, Mich., Lodge, No. 1322, with a score of 97.1872%. The mileage traveled by this team was 700. The third prize was awarded to Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, with a score of 97.1782%. Ninety miles were covered by this team. The fourth prize of \$75.00 was awarded to Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, with a score of 97.1726%. The members of this team traveled 953 miles. The fifth prize



Left: A distinguished group of Elks composed, left to right, of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation; Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland; former Postmaster General James A. Farley, and Mayor Maurice J. Tobin, of Boston, Mass.

Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks National Defense Commission, presents the awards to the four winners of the Elks National Defense Essay Contest.

was won by Bellaire, Ohio, Lodge, No. 419, with a score of 97.0261%.

The impressive opening ceremonies could have had no more fitting background than Philadelphia's historic Independence Hall. There, in the same hallowed atmosphere that surrounded our forefathers, the Seventy-Seventh Elks Convention was dedicated to National Defense—an emergency equally as important as any which faced the founders of our country.

The invocation was delivered by Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins of Temple, Texas, Lodge, No. 138, after which an elaborate program was staged by the Madrigal Singers of Philadelphia, directed by Dr. Henry Hotz; the National Elks Championship Band of Columbus, Ohio, and Mark Dawson, celebrated radio baritone.

Then, speaking to more than five thousand persons, Grand Exalted Ruler Buch stressed the necessity for national preparedness and declared that Elksdom is again ready to do its full part.

"We are living today," he said, "in a fast-changing world, when every turn of the clock produces effects that seem to alter the structure and stability of nations and long-established institutions. It would seem that all the weaknesses of society are coming to the surface and that man, in a vain attempt to cure these weaknesses, has lost his sense of direction and balance, and is slowly destroying himself.

"For years America has felt herself safe from the consequences of world wars. Our people have sought peace, not strife. They have wanted to be left free to enjoy that peace and, with it, to speak honest thoughts and to pursue decent impulses. Yet, as machines of speed and destruction become more numerous and perfect, and the might of militaristic nations becomes more arbitrary, America senses the danger of relying on geographic advantages, and, having witnessed the invasion and destruction of smaller and independent nations, has fully awakened to the grave possibilities of an unpredictable future.

"Whatever steps the present emergency may require, our way of life must be made to endure. How our national security is to be accomplished, no one can foretell in exact detail, but one thing is certain—in order for America to preserve herself and her democratic ideals, she must be strong; and in order for America to acquire her maximum strength, in order that she may be able to meet any challenge and overcome any danger—and, if necessary, destroy any enemy or combination of enemies—she must be strong from within as well as without.

"And here, at Independence Hall, I know, we will be inspired by the high ideals of these early American leaders, to examine into the resources and potentialities of our great Fraternity so that we may make further contributions for the security and protection of the liberty they helped to establish."

After Mr. Buch finished, the huge



audience sat spellbound as the voice of General John J. Pershing came over the air. The General was unable to be present, but rather than disappoint those who were looking forward to hearing him, he broadcast his speech from his bed in the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. The General had many fine things to say about the Order and the great work it has accomplished during the past years.

Grand Exalted Ruler Buch presented a beautiful bronze plaque to General Pershing in heartfelt thanks for the generous use of his name in the Pershing Class of Elks. In the General's absence the plaque was accepted by Brigadier General William McCain of the United States Army. Among the distinguished Elks on the stage were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania; David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida; Rush L. Holland; Raymond Benjamin; James R. Nicholson; Edward Rightor; Bruce A. Campbell; J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary; Charles H. Grakelow; Murray Hulbert; James G. McFarland; William H. Atwell; John F. Malley; John R. Coen; Floyd E. Thompson; James T. Hallinan; Charles Spencer Hart; Michael F. Shannon; Dr. Edward J. McCormick, and Henry C. Warner.

TUESDAY

On the following day, July 15, the principal event was the first official

business session of the Grand Lodge which was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Benjamin Franklin Hotel and an account of which was published in the August issue of *The Elks Magazine*. At 10:00 in the morning the Skeet and Trapshooting Contests took place. Harry T. Bullock, Vineland, N. J., Lodge, No. 1422, ace won the high individual trophy over the Brinton Lake Gun Club traps, near Concordville, shooting off a tie with Lynn Hall, of Vineland, and A. R. Murdock, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15.

The high gun skeet trophy was captured by Raymond Cox, of Washington, D. C., Lodge, who turned in a card of 50 straight breaks. Dr. E. F. Lewis, of Jackson, Mich., Lodge No. 113, came through with a 49 card to win the Class One skeet prize.

The Jackson, Mich., team of five rolled up a total of 225 breaks to take the team trophy west. Dr. Lewis topped the winning team with his 49 tally. Dr. D. F. Kudner and C. E. Hamlin each broke 46 as runners-up.

The Calvert Trapshoot Trophy, an annual prize, was intended for the high team of 16-yard shooters, but was listed on the program as a high individual prize in the 16-yard target race. As a result of the misunderstanding Bullock will take the large silver cup to Vineland for a time, and later forward it to the Havre de Grace, Md., team, which prevailed in the team race, to be kept by the latter until the next convention.

The Havre de Grace team, the last to



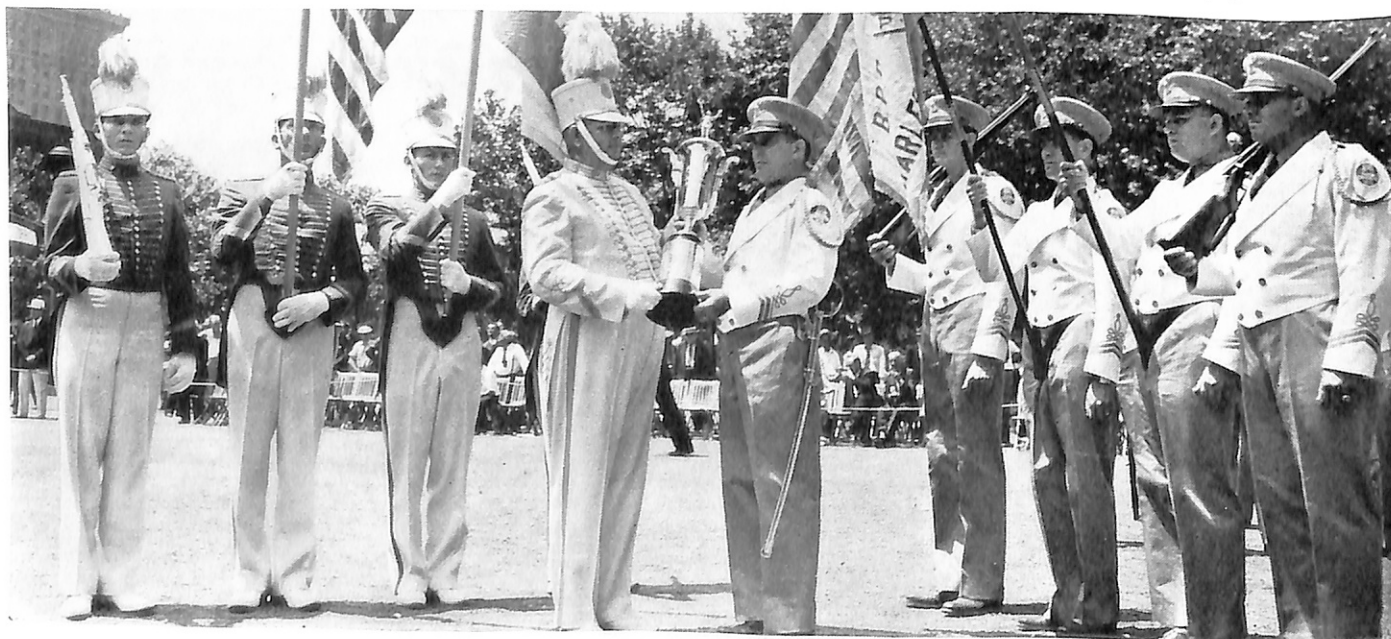
Right is the Trapshoot Team of Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge, shown with the Calvert Perpetual Trophy which it won in the Elks National Trapshoot Contest.



At top: Brigadier General William McCain (representing General John J. Pershing) receives a plaque from Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch at the opening ceremonies of the Grand Lodge Convention in Independence Hall.

Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, with Rear Admiral A. E. Watson, Commandant of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and Major General Henry C. Pratt, Commander of the 2nd Army Corps, at the Convention.

Below: Earle Stranger of Pottstown, Pa., Lodge, Captain of the winning Drill Team, without sidearms, and Captain Jennings B. Temple, of the Charlestown, W. Va., Lodge Team, winner with sidearms, are shown with trophy.



shoot, rolled up a total of 218 breaks to nose out Washington, D. C., which had posted a 217 score. West Chester, Pa., broke a total of 213 targets to finish in third place.

The Lewis Class winners in the 16-yard targets were: Lynn Hall, Vine-land, with 49 down, in Class One; P. H. Bates, of Havre de Grace, Lodge, No. 1564, with 46, in Class Two and L. C. Smithson, Washington, D. C., with 41, in Class C.

WEDNESDAY

On Wednesday the finals for Golf, Glee Club, Band and Drill Corps Con- tests were held. In the Golf Tourna- ment Phil Talbot, Bloomington, Indiana, links marksman, won possession of the \$2,000 Doyle trophy when he hammered out a 38-39-77 at the Manufacturers Golf and Country Club.

Talbot scored two birds in winning the title. He rammed home a 20-foot putt on the first for a sub-par three, and dropped a short putt for a four on the long 12th. He parred eight holes.

Vallace took second honors with an 80. Vallace went out in 27, but slipped on the back nine and took a 43. It was a good fight, hotly contested until the very end.

Judge Adrian Bonnelly, Chairman of the Tournament Committee, made the best score of his career as he tabbed a gross 84 and took low net honors for the tournament with 69. Out in 41, he came back in 43.

Billy Keith, Amarillo, Texas, links- man, got off to a good start with a 37 on the front nine, but his chances to take the title went glimmering as he faltered on the long back lap. He came home in 44 for third gross honors at the 81 mark.

The Parade Bands, the Drill Corps and the Glee Clubs presented the most colorful spectacle we've seen in many a convention. The Military Motif was more apparent this year than ever be- fore, and the precision of all the con- testants was remarkable. It was quite a sight to see all those multi-colored uniforms on the drill field. There was so little difference in the excellence of all the teams that it must have been a difficult task to choose the winners.

Right: Theophile Pepin and his seven sons, who represented Norwich, Conn., Lodge at the Philadelphia Convention.

PARADE BAND CONTEST

Largest Elks Band Coming Greatest Distance—Columbus, Ohio, No. 37
 Best Band in Line of March—Reading, Pa., No. 115
 Band Making Best Appearance in Line of March—York, Pa., No. 213
 Best Elks Drum and Bugle Corps in Line of March—Billings, Mont., No. 394
 Best Non-Elk Drum and Bugle Corps in Line of March—Newark, N. J., No. 21
 Best Appearing Delegation in Line of March, York, Pa., No. 213

BAND CONTEST

First Prize—Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37.

GLEE CLUB CONTEST

First Prize—Terre Haute, Ind., No. 86.

DRILL CORPS CONTEST

Without Sidearms: 1. Pottstown, Pa., No. 814. 2. Lancaster, Pa., No. 134. 3. Columbus, Ohio, No. 37. 4. Clarksburg, W. Va., No. 482.
 With Sidearms: 1. Charleston, W. Va., No. 202.

In the afternoon there was a thrilling baseball game between the Chicago Cubs and the Philadelphia "Phillies".

That evening was the colorful Water Pageant, Mayor Lamberton's sincere gesture of welcome to the Elks.

Motor boats roared up and down the river. Pretty girls swam in graceful formations. An Olympic champion dived off the Girard Avenue Bridge with flaming torches in his hands and the quarter-million people's hearts in their mouths. Fireworks turned night into day, and patriotic floats painted an impressive picture of America.

No one moved from the time retiring Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch was escorted up the river by the Schuylkill Navy, the U. S. Navy and U. S. Coast Guards to the reviewing stand until the thousands of voices joined in singing, "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Buch was met by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow and thanked the



crowd for the "wonderful hospitality extended to us," and the show was on.

Single-shell rowing races, outboard motor races, fancy diving and comic diving by the Somerton Springs Swimming Troupe and an aquacade by the girls of the troupe enthralled the audience, as did the spectacular 125-foot dive from the bridge by Paul McDowell, former Olympic champion.

The parade of patriotic floats was a melange of color as they were towed past the stands. Many were patriotic in theme, depicting Miss Liberty, the Liberty Bell, Independence Hall, the Airport, the signing of the Declaration of Independence and of Penn's Treaty. Then came fireworks, with a climax that made a Niagara Falls of the bridge and spelled out across it, "Welcome, Elks, from Mayor Lamberton".

But no one forgot tomorrow and next year in the fun. As all the lights were turned out except one huge spotlight focused on the rippling American Flag on the west bank, everyone rose as one person, in the stands, in the aisles,

Below: The Philadelphia "Mummers", one of the main attractions in the Grand Lodge Parade.

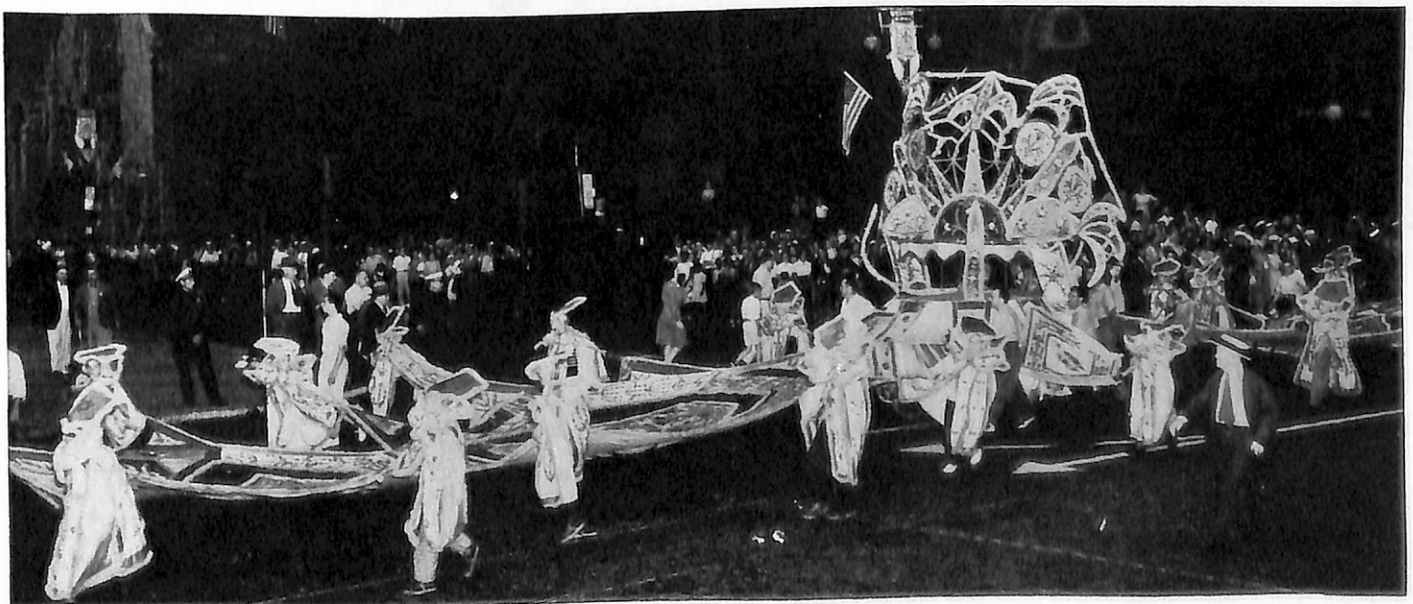
on the banks, on the nearby roads and on the hillsides, and recited the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, led by Dr. Calvin Althouse, a Philadelphia Elk. The "Toast to Our Absent Brothers" followed as the show came to a close.

Afterwards there were dancing, open house and reception at the Elks Club. The entertainment included a spectacular floor show replete with lovely girls.

THURSDAY

Early in the morning the final Grand Lodge business session was held in the Grand Ballroom and, after that, the installation of new Grand Lodge Officers. Then came the beautiful and touching Memorial Services, described elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine.

At seven-thirty, the Patriotic Night Parade started past the reviewing stand. The colorful floats were a lovely sight, as were the units of the famous Philadelphia "Mummers." There were detachments of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps with their bands. Despite a threat of rain the Parade was a complete success and after it everyone who wasn't busy leaving for home was just as busy saying goodbye to friends until next year in Portland, Oregon.





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Buch is shown at the National Memorial on Mt. Rushmore, S.D., during his visit to the South Dakota State Elks Assn. Convention at Rapid City, S. D. With him are Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow; Col. William H. Kelly, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and distinguished South Dakota Elks.

NEWS of the State Associations

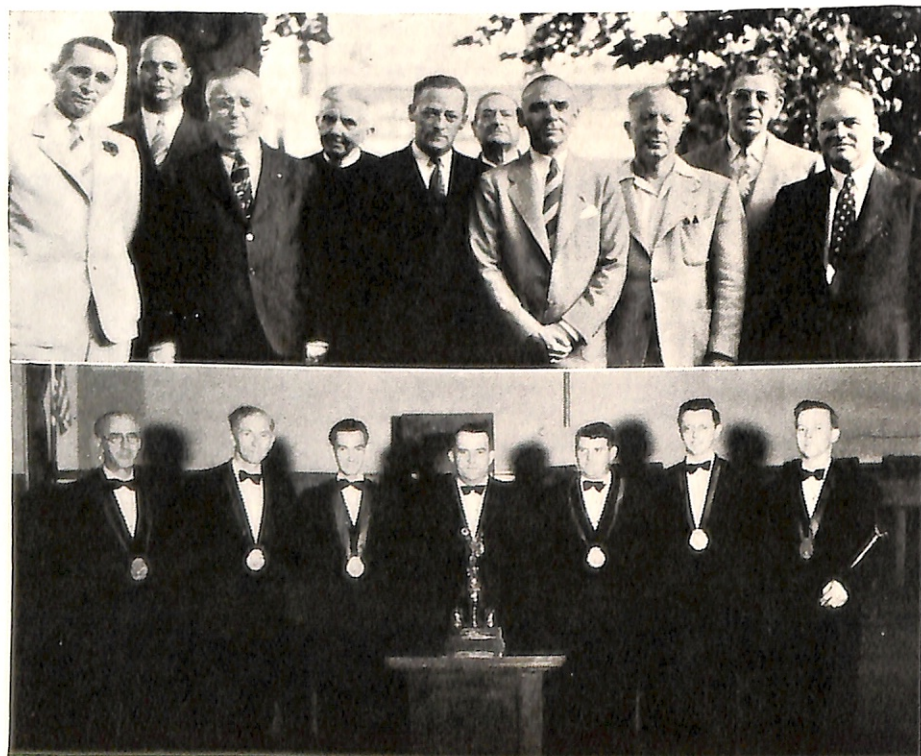
MINNESOTA

One of the finest conventions ever held by the Minnesota State Elks Association opened its three-day program at Brainerd, Minn., on Thursday, June 19. Committees under the direction of General Chairman Floyd W. Finne, P.E.R. of Brainerd Lodge No. 615, had worked valiantly for the success of a carefully pre-arranged program and the expressions of State officers and delegates indicated complete satisfaction and approval. The first-day attendance was reported the largest to date. The arrival of bands and drum corps made for excitement and the Thursday night banquet was one of the big events of the convention. The announcement was made that Brainerd Lodge had won the ritualistic contest held that afternoon.

The State Association opened the convention officially with a business session on Friday morning. President Joseph L. Becker, of Stillwater, presided. Greetings were extended by Mayor Frank B. Johnson and Lieutenant Gov-

Above, left, are the officers of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

Left is the South Haven, Mich., Lodge Ritualistic Team which placed first in Class B in the Michigan State Elks Ritualistic Contest at St. Joseph.



Right: The Elkadettes of Houston, Tex., who won great applause at the Texas State Elks Assn. Convention in Amarillo.

ernor C. Elmer Anderson, both of whom are members of Brainerd Lodge. The convention considered a complete revision of by-laws as presented by Past President Leonard Eriksson, of Fergus Falls. Revision was adopted without a dissenting vote. A self-supporting financial setup was also adopted. The National Defense Program was accorded full cooperation and the services of lodges and State Association were freely offered in the Nation's defense. The comic band from Duluth Lodge No. 133 was the winner of first prize in a special contest in which four bands participated. A torchlight parade and a dance at the lodge home were featured events on Friday night. Many sportsmen were among those attending the convention. For the fishing on Mille Lacs Lake, buses were provided for transportation and a fish fry was held.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., special representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, arrived in Brainerd on Saturday morning and was met by the fine band from St. Paul Lodge No. 59, D.D. Frank H. O'Brien, of St. Cloud Lodge, and officers of Brainerd Lodge headed by E.R. Ben A. Steinke. Mr. Warner addressed the convention at 10:30 a.m., was the guest of honor at a largely attended noon dinner held at the Ransford Hotel, and delivered a public address in the afternoon. The Grand Parade at 4:30 and the convention ball that night concluded the program. The national championship American Legion Post No. 8 Band from St. Paul changed its schedule so that it could visit Brainerd and appear in the parade. The band also drilled in the streets, uniformed in the beautiful Indian costumes for which it is famous.

Winona was selected as the State Association's meeting place in 1942. The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Edwin H. Jones, St. Cloud; 1st Vice-Pres., William P. Faley, St.



Paul; 2nd Vice-Pres., Jesse A. Rose, International Falls; 3rd Vice-Pres., A. E. Fretheim, Albert Lea; Treas., O. C. Paulson, Thief River Falls; Trustees: John Meurer, Minneapolis, Paul J. Arndt, Stillwater, and Raymond Brunelle, St. Paul.

IOWA

With an attendance as large if not larger than at any of its previous conventions, the Iowa State Elks Association met at Des Moines on June 7-8-9-10. Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., Lloyd Maxwell, Marshalltown, Ia., former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, William H. Kelly, East Orange, N. J., Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and Past Grand Esquire George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla., were hon-

ored guests and were entertained by the host lodge, Des Moines No. 98, and the State Association executives.

A fine patriotic parade was held on Sunday, June 8. First, second and third prizes for the best floats were won by Fort Dodge, Muscatine and Boone Lodges respectively. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a splendid address at the conclusion of a complimentary dinner on Monday evening in the Venetian Ballroom of the Hotel Savery. Mr. Warner was the speaker at the patriotic session in the lodge room on Sunday afternoon. It was decided to hold the mid-winter meeting of the Association at Council Bluffs and the 1942 convention at Sioux City. Harry N. Moetzel, of Des Moines, was elected President. Secretary Dr. Jesse Ward, Iowa City, and Treasurer E. A. Erb, Burlington, were reelected. Action was taken for the continuance of the work carried on by the State Association's National Defense Committee which functioned so well last year. Dr. Charles R. Logan, of Keokuk Lodge, is Chairman of the Committee. With the enrollment of two newly instituted lodges, Storm Lake No. 1636 and Carroll No. 1637, the State Association membership is now one hundred per cent.

NEBRASKA

Norfolk Lodge No. 653 entertained the Nebraska State Elks Association on June 1-2-3, meeting in Norfolk for its annual convention. James M. Fitzgerald of Omaha Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum, spoke at the banquet. A well-attended dinner was held for the Past Exalted Rulers, all of whom were given delegate rights at all of the sessions. A public Flag Day service at-

(Continued on page 38)

Above, left: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and D. D. Frank H. O'Brien are shown with the officers of the Minnesota State Elks Assn. when they met at Brainerd, Minn.

Left: Grand Exalted Ruler Buch; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner, and Col. William Kelly, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, are shown with 15 Past Presidents of the Iowa State Elks Assn., at the recent State Convention held at Des Moines.





At top is a photograph of the officers of Norwalk, Ohio, Lodge, as they burned the mortgage on their lodge home, at a banquet celebrating this occasion.

Above: E. R. J. F. McGroary, of Naugatuck, Conn., Lodge, presents a \$100 check to Police Chief John Gormley, Chairman of the City's Ambulance Fund.

Under the ANTLERS

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



Notice Regarding Applications For Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

Millville, N. J., Lodge Receives An Impressive Committee Report

The annual report of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, shows an expenditure for the past year of \$2,810.75. Activities for 1940-41 included 782 medical examinations, 32 psychological examinations, 505 laboratory examinations, 45 basal tests, 4,115 medical treatments, 3,828 electropical treatments, 221 operations, 410 X-rays, 312 ocular cases and 604 dental cases. Wheel chairs, crutches, artificial eyes and limbs, shoes, clothing and appliances of various sorts were supplied in hundreds of needy cases.

Since they took up the work for crippled children, the Elks of Millville have aided more than 21,000 young people in the sections over which the lodge has jurisdiction, from Cape May Point to South Vineland. Eugene Gallaher has been made Chairman of the Committee for the 19th consecutive time.

Oklahoma Elks Honor Grand Treas. George M. McLean at El Reno Lodge

Members of Elk lodges from 11 cities in Oklahoma joined with the members of El Reno Lodge No. 743 at an informal dinner-meeting recently to honor Past Grand Esquire George M. McLean who was elected Grand Treasurer at the Grand Lodge Convention in Philadelphia. Mr. McLean is a Past Exalted Ruler of El Reno Lodge and a Past President of the Oklahoma State Elks Association.

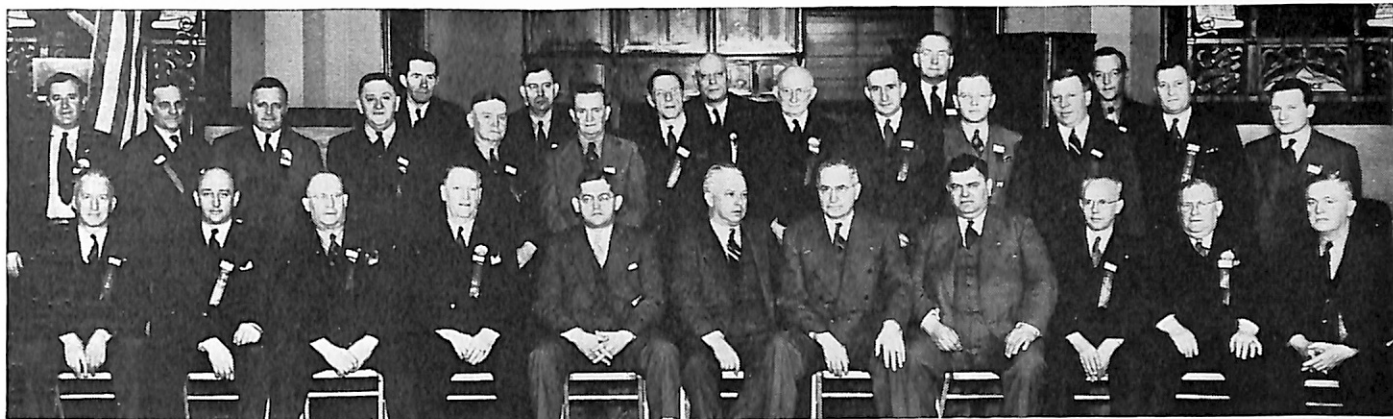
Governor Leon C. Phillips, P.E.R. of Bristow Lodge, who nominated Mr. McLean at the convention, was one of the out-of-town Elks who attended the dinner and made a short informal talk. Robert M. Mallonee, Exalted Ruler of the host lodge, presided as Master of Ceremonies. There was no formal program.

Delegations from Sapulpa, Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Duncan, Blackwell, Woodward, Shawnee, Alva, Enid, Bristow and Altus Lodges attended the meeting honoring Mr. McLean. Approximately 200 Oklahoma Elks were present.

Lancaster, Calif., Lodge Holds Initiatory Meeting at Mojave

Having first obtained permission from Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch shortly before his retirement from office, Lancaster, Calif., Lodge, No. 1625, conducted a meeting at Mojave, Calif., 25 miles distant, and initiated a class of 20 new members. Practically all of the citizens of the historic old mining town lined the streets to witness a lively "pre-meeting" parade, and a

Left are officers of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, presenting a \$100 check to the Pillsbury Settlement House Summer Camp for a second consecutive time.



Above are the officers and members of the Executive Committee of the Elks Bowling Association of America, taken at the annual meeting held at Des Moines, Ia., Lodge.

local band added to the general gaiety of the occasion.

E.R. Thomas A. Dearth presided over the meeting which was followed by a supper and an excellent vaudeville entertainment.

The 47th Birthday Celebration Of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge

Forty-seven years of progress were celebrated recently by Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, with a birthday banquet and a meeting of special interest to members and visitors alike. Forty-two Elks made up a delegation from Visalia and also in attendance were members of Taft, Bishop, Coalinga, Porterville, Hanford, Tulare, Fresno and Merced Lodges.

Bakersfield was the first lodge of the Order instituted in the San Joaquin Valley and all of the valley lodges were represented at the dinner-meeting. The banquet was served in the jinks room of the lodge home, with 200 Elks seated at the tables. Several candidates were initiated later, the ceremonies being performed by the officers of Visalia Lodge No. 1298, headed by E.R. W. L. Fisher. P.D.D. Charles E. Niete, Visalia, director of all the service pin presentations in the San Joaquin Valley, presented several members with 35-year pins. Mr. Niete was presented in turn with an Elk emblem by P.D.D. J. O. Reavis, Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, acting on behalf of Bakersfield Lodge. Only one charter member of

Below: Officers of Gardner, Mass., Lodge and the Newton, Mass., Degree Team, with the candidates they initiated into Gardner Lodge recently.

J. Will Lysons, Circulation Manager of *The Elks Magazine*

J. Will Lysons, Circulation Manager of *The Elks Magazine*, passed away on Thursday, July 3, at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, where he was taken that morning after a severe heart attack. Mr. Lysons was the first Exalted Ruler and one of the founders of Boonton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1405. Services in charge of E.R. George Winter were held by the lodge on Friday night in the Home for Funerals at Montclair. D.D. William J. McCormack, of Orange, N. J., Lodge, gave the eulogy. Private funeral services were held Saturday afternoon at 4 p.m.

Mr. Lysons was born 75 years ago in Marysville, Calif., where his parents had lived since the gold rush of 1849. He went to college in Oregon and lived for several years in the State of Washington where, at the age of 22, he had become the publisher of the *Port Townsend Leader*. In 1895 he joined the editorial staff of the *Los Angeles Times*. He was Collector of Customs in Alaska from 1896 to 1898. From 1900 to 1912 he filled several official positions, acting as secretary of the Washington State Public Commission, the Washington State Railroad Commission, the Washington State Republican Committee and the Washington State Senate.

Mr. Lysons was a regular attendant at Grand Lodge Conventions and was known and held in high esteem by Elks all over the country. He was one of the most active and valuable members of Boonton Lodge, contributing a great deal of his time and energy to the work of the organization and guiding its progress from year to year. He was a member of that group of members who assisted materially when the present home of the lodge was built. Mr. Lysons was especially interested in work for crippled children. He was for many years Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of Boonton Lodge, and a program of financing, which included an Easter Seal Sale, was instituted by him. For some time prior to his death, he worked on arrangements for the annual crippled children's picnic which was held on August 16 at Olympic Park, Irvington, N. J.

A daughter, Mrs. Zuma Alexander, of Towaco, N. J., survives and to her *The Elks Magazine* extends deep sympathy. The Magazine has itself suffered a distinct loss. Mr. Lysons has been in charge of the Circulation Department of the national publication since its inception. He performed his duties with the greatest degree of efficiency and was at all times courteous and friendly.

No. 266 is living, P.E.R. Judge Thomas A. Baker, son of Colonel Thomas Baker, founder of Bakersfield. The lodge bestowed a great honor upon Judge Baker that evening, making him the recipient of an honorary life membership, formally presented by Alfred Harrell, a 35-year member. The lodge's pioneer days were reviewed by Thomas W. McManus.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge Awards Two High School Scholarships

Awards of scholarships for high scholastic standing and outstanding athletic performance, from San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, were received recently by Charles Blackburn and Alex Rogers. Presentation of the scholarships was made by Governor Culbert





Left are a number of Vermont Elks, members of the 172nd Infantry in training at Camp Blanding, who have organized themselves as a Degree Team under the leadership of Past State Pres. Lt. Harold J. Arthur, of Burlington, Vt.



L. Olson, acting for the lodge. The awards were voted for the purpose of assisting two outstanding high school students, one from the San Diego, the other from Herbert Hoover Senior High, in their first year in the State College.

Hundreds of School Children Are Fêted by Rockville, Conn., Lodge

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Rockville, Conn., Lodge, No. 1359, entertained children of the city schools from the fourth to the eighth grade at a picnic held at Crystal Lake on Wednesday, June 25. Nearly

five hundred youngsters attended the event. The lodge members and their friends provided transportation to and from the picnic grounds.

Competition Is Invited for North Dakota State Ritualistic Contest

Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, has held the ritualistic championship for the State of North Dakota for eight consecutive years. Starting with Gailen H. Frosaker, Exalted Ruler in 1934, followed in succession by C. D. Bruce, T. J. McGrath, Dr. V. A. Corbett, R. A. Russell, D. A. Ferguson, Dr. W. C. Robinson and H. M. Montgomery, all

of the Exalted Rulers have worked to keep the ritualistic trophy in their lodge's possession.

The 1940 team, however, won its honors this year by default when the competition was canceled at the State Convention at Grand Forks in June. Considerable effort had been made by the current winners in anticipation of a spirited contest. H. M. Montgomery, Exalted Ruler of Minot Lodge and State Chairman of the ritualistic program for the present year, states emphatically that there will be a ritualistic contest in 1942, and that Minot Lodge will provide top flight opposition for other entries.

Of interest is the fact that no special ritualistic team is chosen in North Dakota, the officers of the past year comprising the team that may compete for each lodge. The Minot teams in the past have won their honors in two types of competition. The first winners were judged and chosen by means of District Deputy visitations to the various lodges. For the past few seasons, however, the honors have been in open competition at the annual conventions of the State Association.

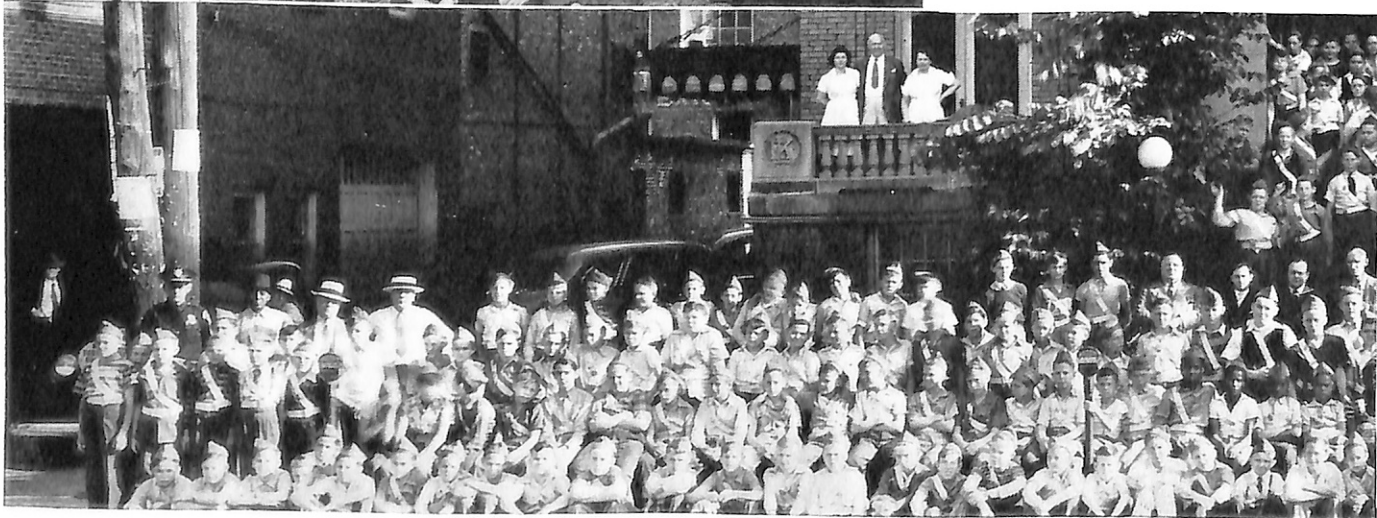
Elks' and Antlers' Dance Closes "Boys' State" at Boise, Idaho

Members of Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, and Antlers belonging to the lodge's junior organization, gave a dance for 152 boys from all parts of the State of Idaho on the last night of their Boys' State encampment in Boise.



Left are members of DuBois, Pa., Lodge and officials of the Maple Avenue Hospital who were gathered together when an Oxygen Tent and equipment were presented to the Hospital by the Lodge.

Below, and on opposite page, is the School Safety Patrol of Kokomo, Ind., which was entertained recently by the members of Kokomo Lodge.



Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, with P.E.R. Joseph Mad-docks and E.R. Louis T. Marcille, when Mr. Nicholson visited Portland, Me., Lodge on its 50th Anniversary.

The boys had assembled for the purpose of learning the fundamentals of government under the sponsorship of the American Legion.

Prominent Elks and their wives acted as patrons and patronesses. Bill Conn and Jack Davidson, co-chairman for the Antlers, arranged the "dates" with the cooperation of the Junior Columbian Club girls and members of Job's Daughters. Programs dedicated to the occasion were distributed as souvenirs of the party. Included among the guests were the Sons of the American Legion who had functioned faithfully during the progress of the Boys' State meeting.

Vermont Elks at Camp Blanding Initiate Class for Palatka Lodge

A number of Vermont Elks, who are members of the 172nd Infantry in training at Camp Blanding, have organized a Degree Team under the leadership of Lieutenant Harold J. Arthur, P.E.R. of Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916, and Past Pres. of the Vt. State Elks Assn. On June 30, the Team performed the ritualistic work at an initiatory meeting of Palatka, Fla., Lodge, No. 1232. Marking the first time in the history of the lodge that the stations had ever been filled by men in the United States armed service, the ceremony took on an unusual character and significance.

Lieutenant Arthur presided as Exalted Ruler. The other members of the Degree Team were as follows: Est. Lead. Knight, Corp. Albert E. Myers, Bennington Lodge No. 567; Est. Loy. Knight, Capt. James Walsh, St. Albans No. 1566; Est. Lect. Knight, Sgt. Thomas Kaine, Brattleboro No. 1499; Esq., Capt. Charles Goodwin, Brattleboro; Chaplain, Capt. Bascom Bogle, Montpelier No. 924; Inner Guard, Pvt. Joseph P. Morrissey, Bennington. The team has been invited to officiate at similar meetings. The initiation by "Yankee" soldiers of Southerners, one of whom is the descendant of a Confederate, was regarded as a symbol of unity in America. Refreshments were served after the ceremonies.

Right is the Colorado State Championship Ritualistic Team of Cripple Creek, Colo., Lodge.



Stag Affair at New Castle, Pa., Lodge Draws Large Attendance

The initiation of a class of 36 candidates the latter part of June by New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, drew an attendance of more than 300 members of the Order including visitors from many towns and cities within the district. In assembling the class, the work, extending over a period of several months, was in line with the nationwide "for America and her defense" program of the Grand Lodge. E.R. Verne R. Carr presided over the ceremonies which were preceded by a stag dinner.

Among the visiting Elks present were D.D. Ward M. Knoblow and E. J. Kress, Secy. of the Pa. Northwest District Assn., both of Meadville Lodge. The dinner guests, 170 in all, were entertained by Luke Barnett, Pittsburgh comedian, and a floor show, also from Pittsburgh, topped off the late evening program.

Large Classes of New Members Join Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge

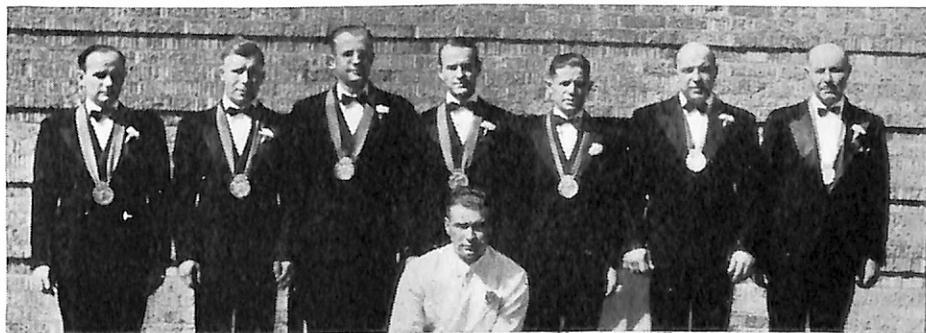
Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290, has been initiating candidates in groups of

35 or more for several months. In the time elapsing between April 1 when the present officers, headed by E.R. W. F. Penaluna, took over, and the end of July, 216 names have been added to the membership rolls.

The lodge owns one of the finest homes in the country. The original cost was \$290,000, and the building is handsomely and completely furnished. The steak dinners served in the dining room are famous throughout the Middle West.

Lynn, Mass., Lodge Observes 52nd Birthday With an Excellent Program

Lynn, Mass., Lodge, No. 117, held its 52nd Anniversary Dinner and Entertainment on June 12. P.D.D. Warren M. Cox, of Woburn Lodge, addressed the several hundred Elks and ladies assembled in the lodge home. E.R. John H. Fox, D.D. Horace J. H. Sears of Beverly, P.D.D. Frank J. McHugh and P.E.R. R. Guy Northey, of Lynn Lodge, and Mayor Albert Cole also spoke. Daniel Lynch, 86 years of age, one of the oldest active Elks in the State, was introduced. An enjoyable vaudeville program was presented by a professional cast.





Above are those who attended the Kalamazoo, Mich., Bowling Association meeting at Kalamazoo recently.



Left: Governor Culbert L. Olson, of California, awards scholarships to two San Diego, Calif., students on behalf of San Diego Lodge.

Elks' Float Wins a Prize in Parade At Cumberland, Md., on B & O Day

In line with its active interest in civic programs, Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, played a prominent part in festivities attending "B & O Day" celebrated recently in Cumberland. This was particularly fitting, as practically all of the officials of the local division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad are Elks.

The lodge contributed much to the success of the event and was represented in the parade by a large number of men in line and a float entered in the fraternal division. The float, winner of the prize in its group, was built by a number of B & O machinists, members of the lodge, with no experience in that type of construction and no previously drawn plans for guidance. Governor

Herbert R. O'Connor, a member of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, witnessed the parade from the reviewing stand and was a speaker at the banquet which was attended by many prominent Elks and their ladies.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Is a Sponsor of All-Day Beach Frolic

A seashore outing and fraternal round-up for Elks, their families and friends, was sponsored recently by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906. Lodges of the California South Central District and adjacent vicinities participated in an All-Day Frolic at the famous beach resort, Venice-by-the-Sea. Robert S. Redington, Los Angeles, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., and D.D. Lloyd C. Leedom, Long Beach, were honor guests of the day.

An all-Elk parade was held at 8:30 p.m. Prominent in the gay and colorful procession were uniformed groups from the various lodges, including the Los Angeles, Glendale and Santa Monica bands; the Anaheim and Santa Barbara drum and bugle corps; the Los Angeles White Squadron, Pasadena Toppers and Huntington Park and Santa Monica drill teams; the Los Angeles Chanters, Santa Monica Glee Club and Santa Ana double quartette, and entries from Long Beach, San Pedro and Burbank Lodges. The Elks Grand Ball, in the ballroom on the pier, followed the parade.

Utah Elks Join in Sponsoring Outing for Afflicted Children

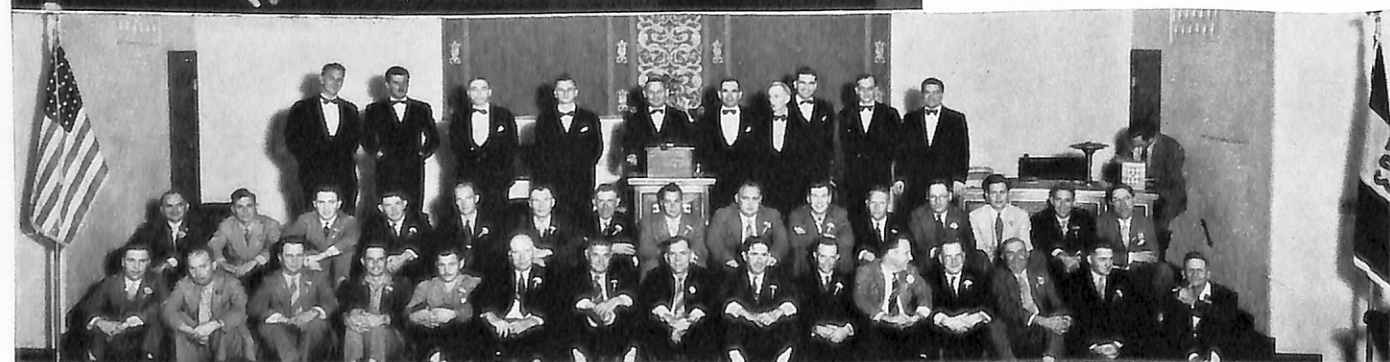
Sponsored by two Utah lodges, Salt Lake City No. 85 and Ogden No. 719, the Bamberger Railroad and the Utah Exceptional Child Guidance Association, the second annual outing at Lagoon was held for crippled and handicapped children on July 18. Among those in charge were L. E. Holley, Chairman of the Crippled Children Committees of Salt Lake City Lodge and the Utah State Elks Association.

More than 150 children and members of their families participated in the free program which began with the train trip to the resort. J. M. Bamberger, president and general manager



Left are the officers of Somerville, N. J., Lodge who placed second in their District Ritualistic Contest.

Below are recently initiated members of Marysville, Calif., Lodge with officers.





Above: Part of the Albany, N. Y., Lodge delegation as they appeared in the New York State Elks Association Convention Parade held in that city.

of the resort companies, opened all of the concessions to the children and free treats supplementing the basket lunches were provided by Salt Lake City firms. Despite their handicaps, most of the children enjoyed the swimming. Boy Scouts pushed wheel chairs and acted as escorts about the grounds. Twenty children from Salt Lake City hospitals, 14 from hospitals in Ogden and many handicapped children living at home attended the outing. Taxis and buses were provided by the Elks for those who lacked transportation to and from the depot.

Portland, Ore., Elks Suffer Loss In Death of Secy. Baldus Gildner

Secretary Baldus Gildner, of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, passed away on June 30 at the age of 74. Mr. Gildner had lived in Portland for 62 years, was a devoted Elk and had served as

secretary of the lodge since 1933.

It was in 1933 that the present home of Portland Lodge was acquired. A purchase price mortgage was given for a deed and the mortgage was burned last Spring, about six weeks before Mr. Gildner's death. Due mainly to his business policies and sound judgment, the lodge was able to rid itself of debt within a reasonable time and regain the sound financial status which it had enjoyed for so many years.

DuBois, Pa., Lodge Gives a Fine New Oxygen Tent to Local Hospital

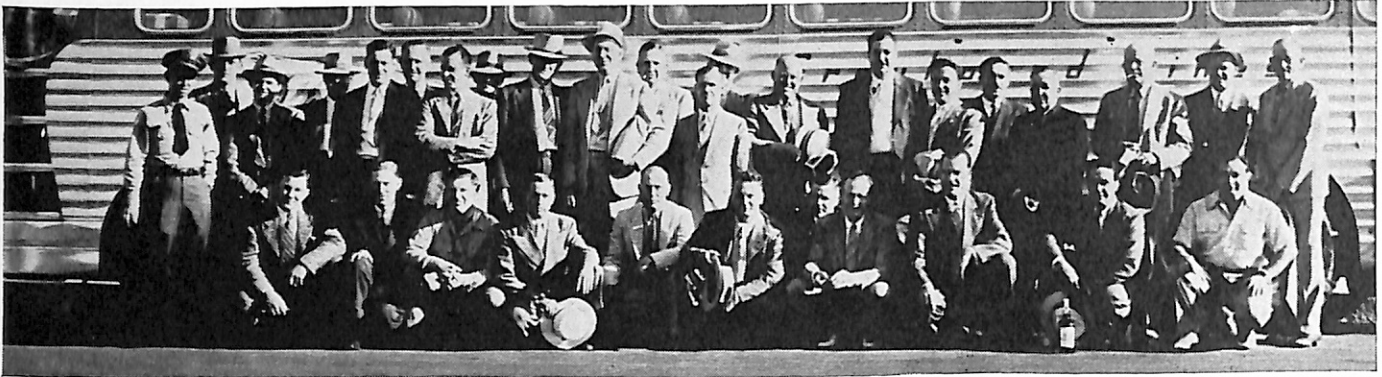
Recently, at the Maple Avenue Hospital in DuBois, Pa., a new oxygen tent was presented to the institution by E.R. John Jones, Jr., acting on behalf of DuBois Lodge No. 349. The presentation was made in the presence of officers and trustees of the lodge, members of the Board of Directors of the hospital and staff physicians.

The ceremony was preceded by a dinner served in the main dining room at which the hospital was host. Later, after a few words of greeting by Ebert A. Badger, President of the Hospital Board, adjournment was made to the X-ray room where the tent was on

Right are new Elks who were recently initiated into Lancaster, Calif., Lodge.

Below are members of the British Flying Training School, Squadron No. 2, quartered at the Glendale, Calif., Airport, who were guests of Glendale Lodge recently. Girls of the American Ambulance and Defense Corps acted as hostesses.





Above is a bus-load of officers and members of Visalia, Calif., Lodge who journeyed to Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge on the occasion of the celebration of Bakersfield Lodge's 47th Anniversary.



Left are Elks of Logan, Ohio, Lodge and 40 Boy Scouts who were present at a dinner given by the Lodge to honor the tenth anniversary of the Scout Troop. The Troop has always been sponsored by the Lodge.

display. Mr. Jones spoke for the lodge and then presented a receipted bill for the tent to J. C. Rathburn, administrator, who thanked the representatives of the lodge. Dr. W. A. Houck expressed the thanks of the staff of physicians. The gift was regarded as an outstanding contribution to the hospital's equipment. Following the presentation, the Elks were taken through the hospital on a tour of inspection.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Elks Enjoy Their Annual Picnic

The annual picnic given by Fond du Lac, Wis., Lodge, No. 57, was an enjoyable affair and netted the lodge a sum approximating \$300. Chairman W. H. Baumgartner headed the committee in charge of the day's program. The picnic was held at the Fond du Lac Golf Club course. The proceeds were turned over to the Elks' fund from which donations to the U.S.O. are made.

Bangor, Pa., Lodge Gives a Party For Member Home from Hospital

Bangor, Pa., Lodge, No. 1106, gave a party a few weeks ago to celebrate the homecoming of Earl Williams, a member, who last April almost lost his life in an automobile accident. Although for weeks his life hung in the balance, Mr. Williams finally pulled through. His discharge from the hospital was hailed by his fellow members and preparations were made to give him a welcome he would never forget.

On the night of the party, the lodge home was crowded with Elks, their wives and invited guests. The name of Earl Williams as a well known marksman and baseball umpire has long been familiar to readers of the sports sections. Among those who attended the homecoming was Charley Reilly, sports editor of the *Easton Express*. Mr. Reilly, who is not an Elk, devoted an entire column to a description of the

party and his reaction to the rendition of the Eleven O'Clock Toast. He was greatly impressed with the fact that in the midst of revelry, pause was made for a ceremony of tribute to departed members.

Several Leagues Bowl Weekly on Kalamazoo, Mich., Elks' Alleys

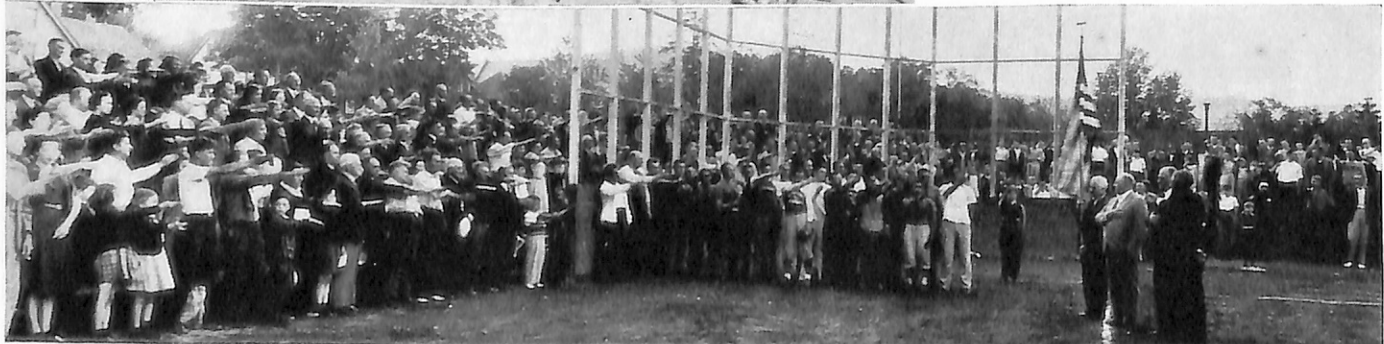
The Michigan Elks Bowling Association is all set for representation in the Elks' National Bowling Tournament at Louisville next Spring. On the fine alleys of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, four Men's Leagues of 12 teams each, and also one Ladies' League of 12 teams, bowl once a week. The lodge sent 49 teams to the Elks' National Tournament at Des Moines.

The State Elks' Tournament was held in Kalamazoo. Play on the alleys at the lodge home lasted nine weekends and the State attendance record was broken. One hundred and ninety-four teams participated and 22 cities were represented.



Left are Gettysburg, Pa., Elks and visiting Pennsylvania members of the Order who were present at a testimonial dinner given for Grand Exalted Ruler Buch.

Below: A picture taken immediately preceding one of Liberty, N.Y., Lodge's soft-ball games. Before starting each game the "Star-Spangled Banner" is played and the Pledge to the Flag is given.





The Grand Lodge of Sorrow

AT THE appointed time, the hour of eleven on Wednesday, July 16, the Elks Seventy-Seventh Grand Lodge Convention in Philadelphia, Pa., adjourned its business session and turned its attention to the Memorial Service which is customarily held at each National Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Acting Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, requested the Grand Lodge delegates to stand in silence for a moment in memory of those of our members who have gone to their reward during the past year. After this part of the ceremony, he called on Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins, of Temple, Tex., Lodge, No. 138, to lead the Grand Lodge in prayer.

When the Grand Chaplain had concluded, the Indiana State Elks Chanters sang several selections appropriate to this solemn hour. As the last moving strains closed, Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, delivered before a silent and attentive audience, the following address in memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier:

"We've been long together
Through pleasant and through
cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are
dear."

"We are here to do honor to the memory of a man who never sought an honor and who never thought that he was great, but looked upon himself as a simple member of our great Fraternity. He was truly a great man in our Order and in the State of his adoption.

"Born on a farm in Lancaster County, Nebraska, on September 12, 1879, of stock which had emigrated from England into Virginia about 1656, he was educated in the public schools of that State and was graduated from its university in 1903 with the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Laws.

"Walter Frederick Meier's rise to a position of high prominence in public and private life illustrates the opportunities open to anyone who is endowed with perseverance and an ability to work, for his education was acquired only by the greatest of self-sacrifice and humble labor. Blessed as he was with a strong physique and an unusual capacity for work, he performed whatever work he could obtain, be it delivering newspapers, waiting tables or doing janitor work at school, that would enable him to make good. Sometimes sleeping in an office to save rent, sometimes with but one meal a day, he fought to educate himself to the end that he might be a better qualified citizen.

"On a fortunate day and chance, he came to the State of Washington in 1903 and was conquered by its charms. Having no means with which to sustain himself, he registered at an employment agency, worked in a sawmill, in a lumber yard and also on a battleship under construction on the Pacific Coast, which battleship happened to be named for his native State. He became a teacher in the public school system of Spokane, Washington. In 1909 he en-

tered upon his profession as a lawyer in the city of Seattle.

"Coming from a family that knew the covered wagon era and accustomed to hard work, he applied himself vigorously to his profession and identified himself with community activities. In 1919, on October 23rd, he was initiated into Seattle Lodge No. 92 of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

"He loved facts—history, geography and the stories of the lives of men. The interests of Walter F. Meier from a civic standpoint were many and varied, but the Order of Elks was his great love.

"In 1922, after serving as a chair officer, he was elected Exalted Ruler and also Second Vice-President of the Washington State Elks Association. In 1923 he attended the Grand Lodge Convention held at Atlanta, Georgia, as the delegate from his Lodge, where it was my privilege to first know him and become his friend. We became closer friends when we both were privileged to serve as District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers under the leadership of that distinguished leader of our Order, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland.

"He later served as President of the State Association of Washington and organized the movement resulting in the subsequent erection in Seattle, by the Elks of that State, of a convalescent home for crippled children which was donated to the Orthopedic Hospital.

"In July, 1925, he was elected Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight of our Order and the following year was appointed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell as a member of the Grand Forum for a five-year term and served as its Chief Justice during the year 1930-1931. There he rendered yeoman service to the Order, winning public recognition in my home city in 1928 by the passage of a formal resolution for his able work in behalf of the Order. He also served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary with distinction. He was a prolific writer upon the subjects suggested by the ideals and teachings of the Order. In July, 1933, he was unanimously elevated to the highest position within the gift of the Order, that of Grand Exalted Ruler, the privilege of nominating him being a most happy one for me. During the Grand Lodge year of 1933-34, ceaselessly and untiringly and to great physical and economic self-sacrifice, he served the Order most wholesomely as an outstanding Chief Executive of our Order. He then took his place once again as a simple working member of the Order, giving unselfishly and untiringly of his time and energy thereafter to the service of the Order until the time of his death.

"Not only in fraternal life, but in civil life, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, was recognized as a leader, serving his City and his State in public office.

"His was a beautiful family life, married as he was to a classmate at the University of Nebraska, Anna L. Jones, who, together with three fine children, Ronald, Lois and Kenneth, comprised the Meier family. Ronald, the eldest,

was engaged in the practice of law with his father at the time of his father's passing.

"Today we pay him gratitude for his service. He lived amongst us and died amongst us and his ashes will rest in the monuments of the Order. We all miss him, we loved him. Some knew him better, but none appreciated and respected him more than I. His life was one that gave courage as it will to anyone who has a dream and longs to have that dream come true. And when he saw death racing toward him he went out with courage to meet it with a smile.

"Farewell, comrade true,
Born anew!
Your soul shall be where heroes are,
And your memory shine like the
morning star.
Your shield is here,
Brave and dear.
Farewell—Walter Frederick Meier."

AT THE conclusion of Mr. Sholtz's tender address, the celebrated soprano, Lucy Monroe, sang "The Vacant Chair". Past Grand Exalted Ruler Masters then introduced the speaker who was to deliver the general eulogy which usually attends this solemn service, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond P. Benjamin, of Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832.

Mr. Benjamin, before an audience obviously moved by his words, said:

"The Bell of Destiny has tolled—eleven strokes—and as the music of its solemn tone fades within our ears and the finger of time darkens this hour upon the dial of life, we turn back the pages of memory, and there, inscribed in living letters of imperishable recollection we read the names of the Brothers that have answered the summons of Our Father and entered the valley of shadows.

"Tenderly have we confided them to the loving arms of Mother Earth to rest upon her bosom in those secluded vales where winds blow gently, and fleecy clouds drift idly by while the moon casts down her silver and the sun flings down his gold, undisturbed by the clash and disorder of this troubled world, untouched by the evil that men do unto each other.

"This hour with us is one of reverence rather than of grief—of pleasant thoughts born of fraternity with those who have answered that summons—of faith and hope and love. We do not pay our tribute to them with tears, but recall these comrades of other days, for the happiness they brought to all who knew them. The dark curtain of forgetfulness is drawn aside revealing the virtues graven upon the tablets of our memories of those who, standing within the shadow of the Antlers, pledged their lives to the objects of this great Fraternity, and voiced their unfaltering belief in the existence of a Divine Father.

"Within our Temple Walls they developed a generous and kindly spirit of companionship,—the strong and open hand of assistance in distress,—the sweet and tender shelter of compassion, for they found our Order builded upon this great, uplifting, universal sentiment—the acknowledgment of hu-

(Continued on page 40)

The Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees



1st Prize
Paul Sanazaro, Berkeley, Cal.



2nd Prize
Helen Delich, Ruth, Nevada

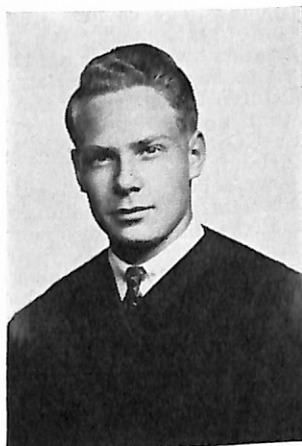


3rd Prize
Gordon Mindrum, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

SUPPLEMENTING their report on the National Foundation Fund, your trustees submit this report on the Most Valuable Student Contest. Under our new plan of clearing through the State Association Scholarship Committees, we got a much better distribution of applicants and a higher average quality. There were 45 applicants submitted from 23 states. We hope for an even greater participation next year. We ask each representative to read carefully that portion of our printed report relating to this contest and to appoint a committee from his lodge to select some worthy student from its jurisdiction to enter the state elimination contest next year. The more general the participation in this activity the more certain we shall be in making our awards to outstanding young men and women who by their records as students and citizens have shown themselves worthy of assistance in further pursuing their studies in higher institutions of learning.

Your trustees have no special plan to be adopted by subordinate lodges and State Associations in stimulating local interest in the contest, but we commend to you for consideration the plan in effect in some of the states where suitable cash awards are made to the winners. Generally the local lodge offers three small prizes, say \$25, \$15, and \$10, and the State Association offers three larger prizes, say \$150, \$100 and \$50. The Foundation offered this year, and will offer again next year, five prizes of \$600, \$500, \$400, \$300 and \$200. Thus an outstanding student may win a total of \$750, and upwards, which will go a long way toward meeting the difference between what an ambitious and industrious boy or girl can earn and what a college education costs. Participation in this worthy undertaking will bring any lodge to the favorable attention of the best people in its community and will gain for our Foundation the moral and financial support which will enable it to do even greater work in making useful citizens.

Those of you who were in Los Angeles in 1936 will remember what a thrill of pride you experienced when Mary Louise Bruckman of Arizona,



4th Prize
John Buckingham, Long Beach, Cal.



5th Prize
Elizabeth Thorson, De Smet, S. D.

who received our award the year before, came to the Convention to thank us for enabling her to continue in college. She is now an instructor in the College of San Francisco. We receive a letter from her every year and I want to quote a paragraph from the letter just received, she says:

"This year the prospect of the Elks National Convention assumes a new

and greater significance in my eyes. In this time of stress and near chaos, it is an heartening thought that a nation-wide gathering of Americans can assemble freely and with the avowed purpose of constructive rather than destructive effort; of building up rather than tearing down. I think all of us in these recent months are devoting more thought to our own conception of America, to our ideals for our country. There is a tenor to life today that makes the simplest things seem fraught with significance, and so it is that I am glad for the Elks National Convention for 1941, because it typifies Americanism of the best sort. There is enough of gaiety and enjoyment to balance the serious accomplishments of the distinguished men who shape the policies of the organization and define its aims."

This is typical of the appreciation of the aims and purposes of our Order by these fine young men and women, who have been the recipients of our generosity and good will. We are happy to report that all of our selections are continuing their excellent records and thus justifying our faith in them.

And now to the job at hand: It has been a delightful but difficult task to make our awards. We wish all of you could read the records of young people who are the products of our schools and who by their efforts show how they appreciate the opportunities America offers to those who have a will to succeed. It gives one a new hope to know that there are still young Americans who find pleasure in work and who ask no quarter in the battle of life.

Our first award goes to Paul Sanazaro of Berkeley, California. He is 18 years of age and is a freshman in the University of California, taking a pre-medical course. He had a straight A record in Berkeley High School and graduated second in a class of 307. His teachers and citizens of the community speak of him in highest terms. The principal says that in his twenty years of experience he has never met a boy who possessed such fine qualities and who has such potentialities to achieve success. This high opinion was shared

(Continued on page 38)



KEEP 'EM FLYING

THE problem of recruiting thousands of young men for the flying corps of our Army has created one of the greatest single opportunities to be of service to our country which has ever been presented to the subordinate lodges of our order.

Immediately following the Grand Lodge Session at Philadelphia, at which time the plan of recruiting cadets for our Air Corps was presented for our consideration by the Adjutant General, your Commission sent out to Exalted Rulers and Defense Chairmen the complete plan and the manner in which it can be carried out by subordinate lodges.

Space does not permit of full details of the program which is now in the hands of your local Defense Committee—but briefly it is this:

Army Air Corps Aviation Cadets must be unmarried male citizens between the ages of 21 and 27 years, inclusive. They must pass a rigid physical examination and an educational examination in English, mathematics, and, in addition, in two subjects selected from the following group—U. S. History, General History, Elementary Physics, Inorganic Chemistry and any modern language except English.

One-half the credits required for a college degree will exempt an applicant from the educational examination, but many young men who have finished high school and some who have not, are able to pass these tests. To assist those who may lack preparation in some subjects, a "Refresher Night Course" of approximately two months is to be made available under the auspices of the Elks with the cooperation of the local educational authorities.

Surely you know of some young man who would meet these requirements and who would be delighted to avail himself of this great opportunity. Take him to meet your local Defense Chairman at once. Consult your Exalted Ruler and Defense Committee for details. Assist in organizing an Army Aviation Cadets unit of 20 men sponsored by your lodge who will go through the 7½ months' training there together as your contribution to the rapidly expanding Army of the Air.

Attend your next lodge session when this program will be discussed and do your share to insure its success in your community.

ELKS NATIONAL DEFENSE COMMISSION

Photos by Underwood and Underwood



The District Deputies Appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland for 1941-42



ALABAMA
ALASKA, EAST
ALASKA, WEST
ARIZONA, NORTH
ARIZONA, SOUTH
ARKANSAS
CALIFORNIA, BAY
CALIFORNIA, EAST CENTRAL
CALIFORNIA, WEST CENTRAL
CALIFORNIA, NORTH
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH CENTRAL
CANAL ZONE
COLORADO, CENTRAL
COLORADO, NORTH
COLORADO, SOUTH
COLORADO, WEST
CONNECTICUT, EAST
CONNECTICUT, WEST
DELAWARE, MARYLAND AND DIST. OF
COLUMBIA, EAST
DELAWARE, MARYLAND AND DIST. OF
COLUMBIA, WEST
FLORIDA, EAST
FLORIDA, WEST
FLORIDA, NORTH
GEORGIA, WEST
GEORGIA, EAST
GUAM
HAWAII
IDAHO, NORTH
IDAHO, SOUTH
ILLINOIS, NORTHEAST
ILLINOIS, NORTHWEST
ILLINOIS, EAST CENTRAL
ILLINOIS, WEST CENTRAL
ILLINOIS, SOUTHEAST
ILLINOIS, SOUTH
ILLINOIS, SOUTHWEST
INDIANA, NORTH
INDIANA, NORTH CENTRAL
INDIANA, CENTRAL
INDIANA, SOUTH CENTRAL
INDIANA, SOUTH
IOWA, SOUTHEAST
IOWA, NORTHEAST
IOWA, WEST
KANSAS, EAST
KANSAS, WEST
KENTUCKY, EAST
KENTUCKY, WEST
LOUISIANA, NORTH
LOUISIANA, SOUTH
MAINE, EAST
MAINE, WEST
MARYLAND, DELAWARE AND DIST. OF
COLUMBIA, EAST
MARYLAND, DELAWARE AND DIST. OF
COLUMBIA, WEST
MASSACHUSETTS, NORTHEAST
MASSACHUSETTS, SOUTHEAST
MASSACHUSETTS, WEST
MASSACHUSETTS, CENTRAL

*Harry K. Reid
Walter P. Scott
Frank Bayer
Archie K. Beard
Filmore C. Stanton
Leonard R. Ellis
Edward E. Keller
Bernard D. Doyle
Horace R. Wisely
Alex Ashen
G. A. Daniels
Victor D. McCarthy
Rufus Weischadel
Robert W. Harvey
James H. Jackson
C. J. Williams
G. A. Franz, Jr.,
Henry N. Benoit
John J. Sullivan, Jr.,*

C. Ray Hare

*Charles G. Hawthorne
James A. Dunn
Allen C. Altvater
Robert L. Bohon
H. G. McSpadden
Edward A. Dutton
W. G. Johnston
D. A. Devine
E. B. Tobias
Jay L. Downing
Arthur A. Olson
Charles L. Snyder
Thomas J. Walsh
Hollis G. Hansen
William M. Dutelle
D. F. Rumsey
Nick H. Feder
Roy J. Jorg
W. C. Knowles
Rex F. Congleton
Simpson M. Stoner
Preston W. Loveland
Henry D. Dukes
L. A. Peters
Ernest L. Currie
W. T. Stinson
Leo J. Piller
William H. White
J. S. Breitenstein
J. O. Modisette
K. M. Frank
Gordon W. Drew
Arthur J. Henry*

C. Ray Hare

*Charles G. Hawthorne
Edward A. Coffey
Patrick J. Foley
J. Henry Goguen
Ormsby L. Court*

Birmingham No. 79
Juneau No. 420
Anchorage No. 1351
Jerome No. 1361
Clifton No. 1174
Hot Springs No. 380
San Mateo No. 1112
Merced No. 1240
Salinas No. 614
Sacramento No. 6
Redlands No. 583
Redondo Beach No. 1378
Panama Canal Zone No. 1414
Idaho Springs No. 607
Sterling No. 1336
Walsenburg No. 1086
Ouray No. 492
Putnam No. 574
New Haven No. 25

Salisbury No. 817

Baltimore No. 7
Miami No. 948
Sebring No. 1529
Jacksonville No. 221
Rome No. 694
Savannah No. 183
Agana No. 1281
Hilo No. 759
Saint Maries No. 1418
Pocatello No. 674
Chicago (South) No. 1596
Freeport No. 617
Streator No. 591
Galesburg No. 894
Paris No. 812
Harrisburg No. 1058
Belleville No. 481
Ligonier No. 451
LaFayette No. 143
Frankfort No. 560
Greencastle No. 1077
Jeffersonville No. 362
Centerville No. 940
Boone No. 563
Council Bluffs No. 531
Topeka No. 204
Great Bend No. 1127
Ashland No. 350
Louisville No. 8
Jennings No. 1085
Franklin No. 1387
Augusta No. 964
Rumford No. 862

Salisbury No. 817

Baltimore No. 7
Salem No. 799
Boston No. 10
Leominster No. 1237
Somerville No. 917

MICHIGAN, WEST
 MICHIGAN, EAST
 MICHIGAN, CENTRAL
 MICHIGAN, NORTH
 MINNESOTA, NORTH
 MINNESOTA, SOUTH
 MISSISSIPPI, SOUTH
 MISSISSIPPI, NORTH
 MISSOURI, EAST
 MISSOURI, SOUTHWEST
 MISSOURI, NORTHWEST
 MONTANA, EAST
 MONTANA, WEST
 NEBRASKA, EAST
 NEBRASKA, WEST
 NEVADA
 NEW HAMPSHIRE
 NEW JERSEY, NORTHEAST
 NEW JERSEY, NORTHWEST
 NEW JERSEY, SOUTH
 NEW JERSEY, CENTRAL
 NEW MEXICO, NORTH
 NEW MEXICO, SOUTH
 NEW YORK, EAST
 NEW YORK, EAST CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, NORTHEAST
 NEW YORK, NORTH CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, SOUTH CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, WEST
 NEW YORK, WEST CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, SOUTHEAST
 NORTH CAROLINA, EAST
 NORTH CAROLINA, WEST
 NORTH DAKOTA
 OHIO, NORTH CENTRAL
 OHIO, NORTHEAST
 OHIO, NORTHWEST
 OHIO, SOUTH CENTRAL
 OHIO, SOUTHEAST
 OHIO, SOUTHWEST
 OKLAHOMA, EAST
 OKLAHOMA, WEST
 OREGON, SOUTH
 OREGON, NORTHEAST
 OREGON, NORTHWEST
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTH
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHWEST
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTHEAST
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTHWEST
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTH
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTH CENTRAL
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTH CENTRAL
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHEAST
 PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
 PUERTO RICO
 RHODE ISLAND
 SOUTH CAROLINA
 SOUTH DAKOTA
 TENNESSEE, EAST
 TENNESSEE, WEST
 TEXAS, NORTH
 TEXAS, WEST
 TEXAS, SOUTHEAST
 TEXAS, SOUTHWEST
 TEXAS, EAST
 UTAH
 VERMONT
 VIRGINIA, EAST
 VIRGINIA, WEST
 WASHINGTON, EAST
 WASHINGTON, SOUTHWEST
 WASHINGTON, NORTHWEST
 WEST VIRGINIA, NORTH
 WEST VIRGINIA, SOUTH
 WISCONSIN, NORTHEAST
 WISCONSIN, NORTHWEST
 WISCONSIN, SOUTH
 WYOMING

Willard McIntyre
 Herbert A. Kurrasch
 Leland L. Hamilton
 Ira R. West
 Lowell J. Grady
 Martin A. Nelson
 A. W. Lang
 Griffin B. White, Jr.
 F. G. Ridgway
 J. R. Garrison
 Joseph N. Miniace
 J. D. Walsh
 Carl A. Nyman
 Roland Gaeth
 George E. Stevens
 Harold Cafferata
 John J. Horan
 John H. Killeen
 Joseph A. Miscia
 James A. MacMillan
 John J. Albiez
 David S. Bonem
 C. E. Hinkle
 Thomas H. Callahan
 Edmund H. Lawler
 John J. Sweeney
 J. Bradbury German, Jr.
 F. A. Haughey
 Howard F. Rieger
 Ronald J. Dunn
 John F. Scileppi
 Raymond Fuson
 C. C. Oates
 John A. Graham
 C. G. Church
 Edward P. Hoadley
 Karl P. Rumpf
 Ray Mitchell
 Albert Schwartz
 John W. Schuller
 E. A. Guise
 Theo. R. Graves
 W. M. Dodge
 J. H. Peare
 C. B. Mudd
 John F. Wilson
 Ross S. Wilson
 Frank S. La Bar
 Clark H. Buell
 George W. Fox
 Frank D. Croop
 Herman A. Earley
 John S. Brobst
 John W. Haussermann
 Noah Shephard
 James A. Taylor
 Paul E. Trouche, Jr.
 F. Web Hill
 Albert G. Heins
 William P. Moss
 C. B. McConnell
 Ralph E. Dallinger
 A. C. Huwieler
 A. C. Linne
 Joseph J. Roberts
 J. Edwin Stein
 Dominic F. Flory
 James A. Kline
 Charles D. Fox, Jr.
 W. E. Baylis
 Guy E. Taylor
 L. H. Campbell
 P. J. McGinley
 Dewey E. S. Kuhns
 A. V. Delmore
 Fred A. Schroeder
 William F. Ehmann
 Rex C. Erlewine

Grand Rapids No. 48
 Alpena No. 505
 Niles No. 1322
 Marquette No. 405
 Crookston No. 342
 Stillwater No. 179
 Gulfport No. 978
 Canton No. 458
 Columbia No. 594
 Warrensburg No. 673
 Kansas City No. 26
 Glendive No. 1324
 Helena No. 193
 Fremont No. 514
 Scottsbluff No. 1367
 Reno No. 597
 Manchester No. 146
 Weehawken No. 1456
 Montclair No. 891
 Camden No. 293
 Union No. 1583
 Tucumcari No. 1172
 Roswell No. 969
 White Plains No. 535
 Haverstraw No. 877
 Troy No. 141
 Utica No. 33
 • Watkins Glen No. 1546
 Niagara Falls No. 346
 Oneida No. 767
 Queens Borough No. 878
 New Berne No. 764
 Hendersonville No. 1616
 Bismarck No. 1199
 Mount Vernon No. 140
 Ashtabula No. 208
 Toledo No. 53
 Newark No. 391
 Uhrichsville No. 424
 Hillsboro No. 361
 Tulsa No. 946
 Blackwell No. 1347
 Ashland No. 944
 LaGrande No. 433
 Salem No. 336
 Johnstown No. 175
 Braddock No. 883
 East Stroudsburg No. 319
 New Castle No. 69
 Clearfield No. 540
 Berwick No. 1138
 Harrisburg No. 12
 Allentown No. 130
 Manila No. 761
 San Juan No. 972
 Woonsocket No. 850
 Charleston No. 242
 Rapid City No. 1187
 Knoxville No. 160
 Jackson No. 192
 Wichita Falls No. 1105
 Plainview No. 1175
 Houston No. 151
 Seguin No. 1229
 Tyler No. 215
 Provo No. 849
 Rutland No. 345
 Richmond No. 45
 Roanoke No. 197
 Wenatchee No. 1186
 Centralia No. 1083
 Port Townsend No. 317
 Wheeling No. 28
 Charleston No. 202
 Two Rivers No. 1380
 Wausau No. 248
 Madison No. 410
 Rock Springs No. 624

SPECIAL DEPUTIES

W. M. Frasor
 A. W. Jeffreys
 J. Clayton Burke
 Roderick M. McDuffie

Blue Island, Ill., No. 1331
 Herrin, Ill., No. 1146
 Atlanta, Ga., No. 78
 East Point, Ga., No. 1617

Supplementary Report of The Elks National Foundation

(Continued from page 34)

by his fellow students who honored him with the presidency of his class and of the honor society and with membership on the students' governing board. In addition to doing superior work as a student and earning a substantial part of his keep with a newspaper route, he has excelled in athletics, music and public speaking. He was a member of the basketball team, he won his letter in broad-jumping. He was a member of the A Capello Chorus, sang the solo part in "Ballad for Americans" at the graduation exercises, and had a part in the operetta "The Mikado", which was presented at the International Exposition. He had the lead in the senior play. He was one of a group of students who were chosen to speak before civic groups in behalf of Red Cross, Community Chest and other like projects. He was editor of a school publication and was sent as the representative of his high school to Boys State in 1940. One of the outstanding jobs done by this fine young American was his work on the Bicycle Court, organized to reduce bicycle accidents and which, with the sanction of the city government, tried violators of the bicycle ordinance. This winner of our award of \$600, as the Most Valuable Student, arrived here by airplane this morning, and we take pleasure in presenting him to you.

Our second award goes to Helen Delich of Nevada. She is 17 years of age and graduated this Spring, valedictorian of her class at White Pine County High School at Ely. She has maintained a record of straight A's, the second such record in the history of the school, notwithstanding she has earned her clothes and spending money clerking in a dress shop after school hours and on Saturdays. Throughout her high school life she has been a leader in extra curricular activities, winning honors in debating, essay writing and athletics, including the Governor's award in a state essay contest. As a junior she was editor of the school paper and won the oratorical contest. As a senior she was president of her class and of the Quill and Scroll Society, as well as business manager of the year book. Letters from teachers and citizens, who have been

in close contact with this young lady, testify to the fine qualities which have made her a student body leader. We are happy to present to you the winner of the \$500 second prize.

Third money goes to a young man who will certainly make his mark in the world, Gordan M. Mindrum of Iowa. He is 21 years of age and graduated from Coe College this Spring. He has been compelled to support himself through high school and college. He earned his room while attending college by acting as night man at a mortuary and he earned his meals by working in a cafeteria. Other jobs gave him the money for clothing, books and other incidentals. He wants to be a doctor and would be in medical school this Fall if Uncle Sam had not called him to other duties. Due to his original work in chemistry in developing an explosive now being tested by the war department, he has been commissioned a second-lieutenant in the Chemical Warfare Division. As one would expect from this achievement, this young man has excelled in chemistry, physics and mathematics, but his record in high school and college shows work of excellent quality in all branches. He has also won honors in debate and has participated in other student activities. His teachers and employers write fine letters of endorsement. We are happy to help this fine young American along the way to better things with an award of \$400.

The winner of the fourth prize is John Buckingham of Long Beach, California. He is 17 years of age and graduated this year, valedictorian of his class of 700, with a straight A record. He has shown unusual qualities of leadership and has served as Senior Patrol Leader of his Boy Scout Troop, as Commissioner of Affairs which corresponds to president of the Student Council, and in other positions of trust by selection of his fellows. He has the unusual distinction of being elected president of his class in every year in high school. The letters of commendation are among the strongest ever submitted in support of a student application. He richly deserves our award of

\$300 to help him in his ambition to get his degree in engineering.

And finally we award to Elizabeth Thorson of South Dakota the fifth prize of \$200. She says "I am just a normal, healthy, midwestern school girl, 17 years of age" but this is an understatement evidencing her ladylike modesty. She has a record of straight A's through her four years in high school, and as the superintendent of schools says, "She has the ambition and character to put out that extra effort that makes the difference between being good enough and being superior." She won honors in vocal and instrumental music, and won the state championship in an essay contest and in a declamatory contest. She is a member of her church choir, a teacher in the Sunday school and a leader in 4-H Club work. As a 4-H Club girl she won the county championship in Home Furnishings Demonstration, in Food Judging, in Dressmaking and in making baking powder biscuits, cakes and jellies. She is indeed an outstanding young woman and will make some young man a good wife.

There were so many applicants with records of unusual accomplishment under difficulties which they surmounted that your trustees have decided to give fifteen honorable mention prizes of \$100 each. These go to:

Jack P. White, Chicago, Ill.
Helen L. Tripp, Watertown, Mass.
Owen Armstrong, Sheboygan, Wis.
Evelyn Stine, Pen Argyl, Pa.
Robert F. Karolevitz, Yankton, S. D.
Elizabeth Green, Jamestown, N. Y.
Edward S. Sylvester, Fort Collins, Colo.
Priscilla R. Done, Sandpoint, Idaho.
Fred Rose, Jr., Petoskey, Mich.
Sarah Jane Manst, Gettysburg, Pa.
Jack Cressman, Fairbury, Neb.
Mary Ann Kirk, Champaign, Ill.
Joseph L. Johnson, Delta, Wis.
John Matthews, Scranton, Pa.
Herbert Fredell, Jerome, Ariz.

Respectfully submitted,

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION
TRUSTEES

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 25)

tracted a large crowd. The three winners of a State-wide contest were presented with certificates and prizes totaling \$100, provided by the Association. Governor Dwight Griswold and U. S. Senator Hugh Butler took part in the program.

Competing for the Frank L. Rain Trophy in the ritualistic contest, Lincoln Lodge No. 80 won over last year's winner, Grand Island No. 604. The crippled children's committee, known as the Benevolence Commission, reported another successful year and will continue its program. All of the lodges were shown to be in satisfactory condition, active in all lines of endeavor, and a net membership gain of 160 for the State was reported. The 1942 Convention will be held in Kearney in June during Flag Day week. Officers for the

ensuing year were chosen as follows: Pres., Hugh D. Schooley, Alliance; 1st Vice-Pres., A. C. Bintz, Lincoln; 2nd Vice-Pres., M. J. Graham, Kearney; 3rd Vice-Pres., Paul N. Kirk, Grand Island; Secy., H. P. Zieg, Grand Island; Treas., F. C. Laird, Fremont; Trustees: J. M. Fitzgerald, Omaha, J. P. Glasgow, Chadron, T. J. Connelly, Lincoln; Tiler, J. D. Witcher, Kearney; Sergeant-at-Arms, H. I. Bishop, Kearney; Chaplain, the Rev. Francis J. Tschida, Kearney; Chairman of the Benevolence Commission, August Schneider, York Lodge. Every lodge in the State was represented at the convention.

NEW YORK

The New York State Elks Association met at Albany on June 5-6-7 for

its 29th annual convention. Sessions were held in the New York State Assembly Chamber. The opening ceremonies were attended by Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough, and Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge. President J. Theodore Moses, of North Tonawanda Lodge, presided for the State Association, E.R. T. Emmett Ryan for the host lodge, Albany No. 49. A choir of more than 60 voices under the direction of the lodge organist, Floyd Walter, took part in the program.

The convention was a success in every respect. Fifteen bands were in the parade held on the closing day. Alexander J. Clark officiated as Grand Marshal and Commissioner Kenneth Marsh was Parade Chairman. Lieutenant Governor Charles Poletti, a

member of New York Lodge No. 1, was a convention guest and one of the prominent Elks who appeared in the parade as members of the various marching delegations. Mayor Herman F. Hoogkamp and Judge of the Children's Court John Boyd Thacher, 3rd, headed the Albany representation. Parade prizes were awarded Troy Lodge No. 141 for the best appearance and the East Central District for the best float. Watervliet Lodge No. 1500 won the attendance prize. Exalted Ruler Ryan, Past State Pres. Peter A. Buchheim, John J. Murray, John E. Kean and Leo C. Quinn, of Albany Lodge, headed the Convention Committee.

The State Ritualistic Contest was won by Albion Lodge No. 1006. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Pres., George I. Hall, Lynbrook; Vice-Pres.'s: S.E., Joseph J. Haggerty, Huntington, East, Dr. Milton B. Shafer, Port Chester, E. Cent., John J. O'Brien, Middletown, S. Cent., Wright Johnson, Owego, N.E., Ambrose A. Scully, Cohoes, W. Cent., Kenneth R. Fober, Watertown, West, Arthur J. Dunderdale, Jamestown, N. Cent., Harold E. Fear, Ilion; Secy., Thomas F. Cuite, Brooklyn; Treas., John T. Osowski, Elmira. The 1942 convention will be held at Niagara Falls in June.

LOUISIANA

C. A. Barnes, of Morgan City Lodge, was elected President of the Louisiana State Elks Association at its annual convention at Baton Rouge on June 15. The other State officers elected to serve with him are as follows: 1st Vice-Pres., Henry D. Larcade, Jr., Opelousas; 2nd Vice-Pres., Dr. K. M. Frank, Franklin; Secy., C. A. Blanchard, Donaldsonville; Treas., (reelected) Clarence LaCroix, Baton Rouge.

A number of distinguished Louisiana Elks, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, New Orleans, P.D.D. Sol B. Pressburg, E.R. of Alexandria Lodge, and P.D.D. Hermann Moyse, P.E.R. of Baton Rouge Lodge, figured prominently in the proceedings. Every lodge in the State is a member of the Association and a large number of Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers were in attendance. The meeting was well conducted. The business session was followed by a luncheon for the delegates and members and their ladies, and many soldiers and sailors were among the invited guests.

The American Flag was honored by the State Association in a special service at which Mr. Rightor and Mr. Moyse were the principal speakers. The flags of the Nation and State were brought into the lodge room by soldiers from the 37th Division at Camp Shelby, Miss., acting as color bearers. The introductory exercises and altar services were conducted by New Orleans Lodge No. 30 under the direction of E.R. James H. Aitken. Baton Rouge Lodge No. 490 entertained the delegates and visitors in its beautifully decorated lodge rooms and made every provision for the smooth conduct of the business portion of the convention.

MONTANA

Montana Elks arrived in Helena on July 23, several hundred strong, for participation in the 39th annual convention of the Montana State Elks Association and the Golden Jubilee program in celebration of the 50th anniversary of Helena, Mont., Lodge, No. 193. Past Grand Esteemed Leading

(Continued on page 53)

WONDERS OF AMERICA

Wingless Flight



THIS IS THE AIR LINES LABORATORY WHERE WE FLY SHIPS ON THE GROUND!

HE MEANS THEY TEST ALL THE PARTS OF THE SHIPS HERE BEFORE THEY GO INTO SERVICE



THIS IS THE ALTITUDE CHAMBER. WE CAN GO FROM SEA-LEVEL TO 30,000 FEET IN 11 MINUTES WITHOUT LEAVING THIS FLOOR. COMING DOWN TAKES ONLY 35 SECONDS!

HOW THRILLING!

EVEN ON A WARM DAY, I'LL BET IT'S PLENTY COOL 5 MILES UP



YES, BETWEEN 30,000 AND 35,000 FEET IT'S 86 DEGREES COOLER

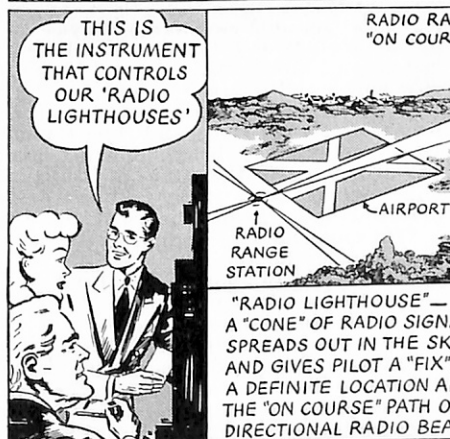
SAY— THAT'S AN ASTONISHING COINCIDENCE

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING OF — PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — COOLEST OF ALL!



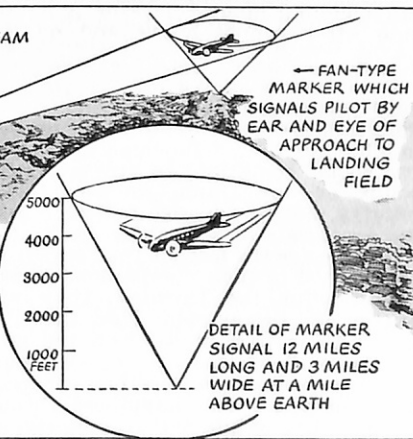
THIS IS THE INSTRUMENT THAT CONTROLS OUR 'RADIO LIGHTHOUSES'

RADIO RANGE "ON COURSE" BEAM

RADIO RANGE STATION

AIRPORT

"RADIO LIGHTHOUSE" — A "CONE" OF RADIO SIGNALS SPREADS OUT IN THE SKY AND GIVES PILOT A "FIX" — A DEFINITE LOCATION ALONG THE "ON COURSE" PATH OF HIS DIRECTIONAL RADIO BEAM



FAN-TYPE MARKER WHICH SIGNALS PILOT BY EAR AND EYE OF APPROACH TO LANDING FIELD

DETAIL OF MARKER SIGNAL 12 MILES LONG AND 3 MILES WIDE AT A MILE ABOVE EARTH



IT'S AN EXCITING WORLD TO LIVE IN, ALL RIGHT— ESPECIALLY FOR US SMOKERS. PRINCE ALBERT IS A BIG STEP AHEAD IN MILDNESS AND DELIGHTFULLY PLEASING TASTE

I'M A ROLL-YOUR-OWNER, AND THERE, TOO, PRINCE ALBERT STANDS OUT. THE P.A. CRIMP CUT IS A BIG ADVANCE IN EASY ROLLING, SMOOTHNESS, AND ECONOMY. THERE'S NO SPILLING, NO WASTE —AND EVERY SMOKE IS MELLOW, RICH-TASTING!



The Grand Lodge of Sorrow

(Continued from page 33)

man inter-dependence, and an abiding faith in a loving and beneficent God.

"They discovered that the arm blood of 'Elkdom' was drawn from the royal veins of a splendid humanity, the vital fluid that beautifies and strengthens the giant figure of our Fraternity.

"True it is that our doctrines bear the stamp of antiquity, but the founders of our Order fashioned those doctrines to the practical use of a working race, and to meet the requirements of an age that was marching hand in hand with progress. Our Brothers sought to uplift humanity and mold character, for they realized that character is the foundation of every nation, the salvation of society, the standard by which men stand or fall in the estimation of their fellows—that character is the temper of every blade that rings true upon the anvil of temptation.

"For more than nineteen hundred years the world has read with profit that beautiful story of the Good Samaritan. That lonely road of the Samaritan in Judea has become the highway over which many weary souls have marched in safety to a peaceful haven, and the lesson of simple Brotherhood there taught has become a page in the decalogue of a world-wide people. Possessed of a splendid faith, teaching a generous love of man as man, our Brothers traveled that road, seeking to exemplify that faith by works of benevolence, and endeavoring to read the golden pages of our ritual into the daily life and thoughts of all. Their works were the works of righteousness, and their influence prevailed in every walk and condition of our social and civic life.

"They did not forget that all men are of one family; that all humanity kneels before the same Altar of the Infinite, that all peoples hold to the same belief of life in the hereafter. They knew that 'No man liveth unto himself' but that they were created and placed here to labor for their fellowmen, to improve our social condition, to strengthen the bonds of our Union—to elevate our country and to advance our race in all the essentials of a healthy civilization.

"These are the lessons that our Brothers learned in their companionship with us—and for the learning, they were braver and better men. Now they have closed their tired eyes upon the strife and turmoil of this life, to awaken in the Mansion of the Father—there to abide in peace and happiness through all eternity—while we who knew and loved them best, remain—in hope of meeting them in that celestial realm—in prayer that to us also may be granted immortality.

"To this hope of life in the world beyond, we cling as have all ages and all peoples—and in our prayer for immortality, the supplication of our lips rises heavenward with that of our Brothers that tasted the sweets of life and passed to the Great Beyond.

"The immortality of the soul is one of those primordial beliefs proclaimed by universal instinct. It has survived all the convulsions of human beliefs and although men have changed their modes of worship and ideas of God, their beliefs in an immortality awaiting them has never faltered.

"The days that are gone, the flowers that have bloomed and withered, the waters that have raced from the moun-

tains to the sea are all mute evidence of the common end of all. Beauty and beast, prince and peasant, share the same relentless fate. The soul beats its helpless wings against the bars of life's limitation, sighs and disappears. Is that the end—the end, or the beginning?

"What has been given here that cannot be bettered?

"What has been enjoyed here that cannot be made more perfect? Knowing even as little as we do, may we not confidently assert:

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.'

"The present does not satisfy us because it is not our ideal. Too often are we devoted to delving in earth's mines for paltry gems. We explore the ocean's mysterious depths for pearls of price—we strive for gold until the hand is hard and the heart is cold; we attire ourselves in robes of purple and silk and strut forth in this borrowed garb of frivolity across the narrow bridge between Time and Eternity—but our desires transcend the power of satisfaction. We may find delight in a thousand things, but none that assuages that thirst of the soul—none that but partially fills the cup of human happiness. Always do earthly pleasures fall far short of those we dream of enjoying in the future life—always does the soul long to put aside the garb and shackles of mortality.

"WHEN we have lived, neither are our aspirations satisfied, our full work completed, nor our ideals of justice realized, and alone among the creatures that surround us, dragging after us the long chain of disappointed hopes, we cry out for the infinite perspective of immortality beyond the narrow horizon of today.

"The immortal spark within each breast is an insistent and divine guide that hastens us always onward, ever onward toward the Day of Days as tho 'twere anxious to return to its celestial home from whence it came.

"Its eagerness to complete the journey impels the thought

"Tho inland far we be
Our souls have sight
Of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.'

"Since nothing abideth on the earth, since our best treasures are in heaven, we place our belief in God and our lives become to us an anticipation of immortality in a heavenly home that can only be visualized by the eye of faith.

"The scythe of the Grim Reaper may not be stayed. The summons of the Father may not be denied. Tho friends may weep—tho hearts may break

"The path of sorrow—
And that path alone,
Leads to the land

Where sorrow is unknown.'

"There all must go—the record of their lives alone remaining. There all shall rest—the tumult of this world then undisturbing. There pain and grief shall cease and all shall gain that which alone all seek.

"We do not sigh when golden skies have donned

The purple shadows and the grey
of night,

Because we know the morning lies
beyond,

And we must wait a little while
for light.

So, when grown weary with the
care and strife,

Our loved ones find in sleep the
peace they crave,

We should not weep, but learn to
count this life

A prelude to the one beyond the
grave.'

"Thus, nothing vanishes away forever. Our strength, our joy, our dearly beloved ones are ever with us in this life and in the life to come. The spirit whom we call Time, viewed through this belief of the soul, is no longer the winged wizard he is painted, the gravedigger of the universe, clutching his victims and hiding them away from us forever. To the eye of faith he is a far different spirit, an angel, young with the youth of all eternity, his brow encircled with the starry dawn, tenderly folding our treasures in his arms, and beckoning us on with a smile. He is now, as he will ever be, the leader of the vast Eonian procession. He strikes the hours, he peals the chimes, calling all living things to the Tabernacles of Glory, hastening us forward on that path of life which is the same path here and hereafter, the same secret of the living God.

"Man is at once the possessor of life and the heir of heaven. Eternity is the home to which time is but the portal. It is a glory beside which all beauty here is but a shadow. It is a joy to which all human joy is but a dream. It is music to which all melody that falls upon our ears is but a whispering echo. It is a home to which all earthly homes have a foreign strangeness. It is a day for which all other days were made. It is life, to which all other life is but a fleeting sign. It is a worship, of which all other worship is but dim anticipation. It is 'a peace that surpasseth all understanding'. It is indeed the very dwelling place of God, which philosophers vainly seek to find, painters vainly seek to portray, poets vainly seek to describe, but whose divine meanings and delights are foreshadowed by the believing soul.

"To this land our Brothers have departed and there rejoice. Their cheery voice is but an echo of the past, their winsome smile is but a shadow o'er the thought—the tide of grief has ebbed, and yet today we know that

"When the stream

Which overflowed the soul has
passed away

A consciousness remained that it
had left

Deposited upon the silent shore of
memory

Images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be
destroyed.'

"True soldiers in the faith, true laborers in the vineyard of life, they gave their best efforts to the betterment of their fellowmen; with kindly words and generous acts they paved the pathway of the weary—guided the footsteps of the faltering, lightened the burden of the heavy-laden and cast sunshine into the habitation of the hopeless. The hands devoted to these works of God have withered in the clasp of death—the hearts that pulsed and throbbed for suffering humanity have ceased to beat—but the memory of their good deeds are 'images and precious thoughts that

shall not die and cannot be destroyed'.

"They were the offspring of love, the wooers of happiness, the betrothed of joy. From fortune they demanded these endowments as their birthright in this world, and by their possession endured adversity and were sustained in the hour of bereavement. Their lives are beacon lights along the stormy way to guide us to that haven of rest.

"They were brave and gentle of heart, yet alike the mighty oak in time of trial; they were charitable to the distressed and friends of the weak and timid; they were devotees of liberty and champions of the oppressed; they were just to their fellowman, for they know 'the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day'. They considered the poor, for they knew 'he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord'. They were dispensers of good deeds and kindly words, for they knew that whoever performs a good deed has planted a perfumed flower in the garden of Paradise, and whoever speaks a kindly word has lighted a gleaming star of hope in the dark firmament of despair. They lived so that when their summons came to join

'The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death
They went not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approached their grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

"The mystic hour struck for the Brothers we mourn. God's finger touched them and they slept. They rest in honor where immortelles and sweet forget-me-nots bloom eternal o'er their graves, their names unsullied, their whole lives stainless, their memories dear and fragrant to all who knew and loved them.

"Tho their eyes have closed in rest upon the joys of Earth,

"Tho their ears no longer hear the voices of love whispering their tender messages,

"They are not dead nor shall they ever die, for in the memories of friends and comrades the recollection of their lives and fellowship survives—

"In the Kingdom of our hearts they still reside—

"No power can separate us, and by our faith we know that we have said farewell but for a little while.

"So sure are we that 'tis but a temporary parting preceding the happier reunion for eternity that we do not say 'Goodbye', but only 'Good night' and voice our parting in the words of another who lived and loved, and lost:

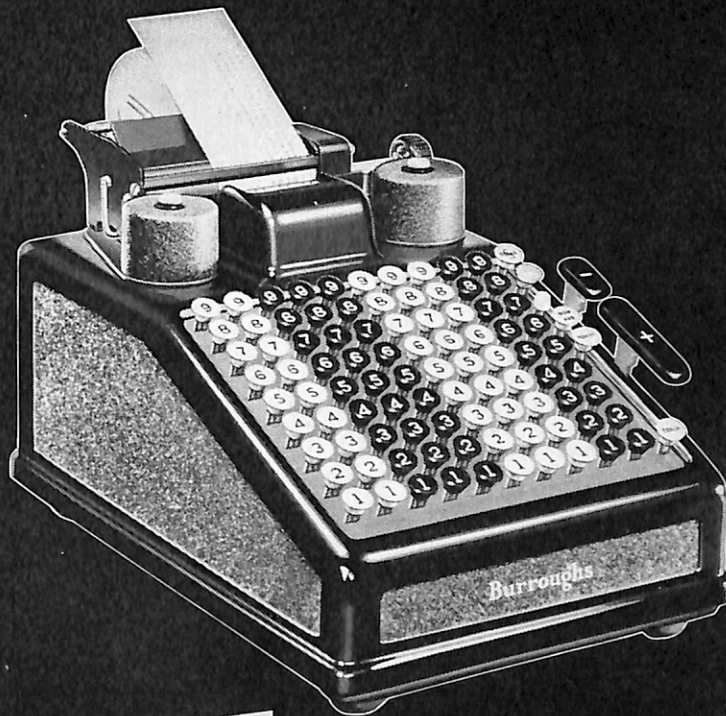
" 'Yon mellow sun melts in the sea—
A somber ship sweeps silently
Past Alcatraz toward Orient skies—
A mist is rising to the eyes.
Good night, dear friend, Good night."

At his last words, the delegates stood while the Indiana State Elks Chanters rendered another selection.

Grand Chaplain Dobbins once more offered a prayer in memory of the departed Elks and the Grand Lodge of Sorrow came to a close.

Burroughs

UNMATCHED FOR SPEED AND RELIABILITY



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So easy to use—anyone
can operate a Burroughs
accurately.

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Unmatched for speed—
fewer manual operations
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Get the facts about
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See how fast it is . . . how easy
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Name _____
Street _____
City _____

Three Little Pigs Went to Market

(Continued from page 9)

butler's pantry. He joined me as I was waiting for Harkin to prepare some ice-water. By this time I had begun to grow cheerful.

"Don't you think," I whispered, "she's putting on a sketch, just to lift our hair?"

"She does seem pretty cool about it," Lem remained haggard. "Otherwise, I happen to know what she says is true—"

"T-true?"

"There were rumors about the Street yesterday about 'good' buying in General Gadgets. I wondered where it was coming from. How was I to imagine it was my own Aunt Mabel? Anyhow, I hopped aboard and bought, too—" Lem's face twisted with pain.

Aunt Mabel recovered somewhat with her glass of water. Her eyes were still fixed in thought, yet the thought seemed alleviating.

"One comfort to me," she said, "is the fact that I have willed to my heir, before anything else, a point of honor. The honor of the Dowds. This carries an obligation to assume any debts that might survive me in lieu of the estate."

HOW we got upstairs, I shall never know. We found ourselves in Ellen's little sitting-room, regarding each other in stupor. But, whereas each of us had been guiltily certain before that he could not have been named in the will, each of us was equally certain now that—for his sins—he had. And, whereas each had been contriving to move heaven and earth to get his name in the document, now each was impelled to the same astronomical engineering to get it out.

There was another difference, though; the development was so staggering that it tended, for the first time in our experience, to pull us together, like sheep huddling before a storm.

"With the market plunging the way it was today," quavered Lem, "who wants to bet one to a hundred that it will open tomorrow morning even as high as it closed this afternoon?"

Helpful Lem! If General Gadgets opened below 45, it could mean a yawning debt for the Dowd estate.

"I've got it!" I exclaimed. "Let each of us assign his interest in the estate to the other two!"

"What for?"

"That lets each of us out of the debt."

"And the other two in?"

"Nothing of the kind. Look—Aunt Mabel has expressly deprived the two who are not named in the will from sharing in any part of the estate. So, if they should receive the designated heir's assignment of his interest in the estate, that is to say, of the debt, they're forbidden to have it. See? And the real heir wouldn't have

it, either, because he'd already've assigned his own share to the others. That lets everybody out."

Lem mulled this over, glumly.

"Get some paper," he said to Ellen.

Lem sat down and sketched out a form.

"These must make the midnight mail. Special Delivery. They've got to be in the lawyer's hands before the market opens in the morning."

WHEN we appeared for breakfast, we found Aunt Mabel already seated at the table. The three of us, with the huddling instinct still operative, had gravitated together in the upper hall; we felt braver en masse. But to say that Aunt Mabel was seated is scarcely the word. She was frozen to her chair. Her cheeks were as white as her plate. White, except for tinges of shadow, where they seemed oddly shrunken. A letter lay open before her.

"Aunt Mabel!" we chorused.

"Aunt Mabel, my eye!" she roused herself to retort.

"What is it?"

"How much longer will you be Aunt Mabeling me, when I tell you every cent I've got in the world—and a whole lot more—hangs on the opening of the market today?"

"But you told us last night."

"Last night—but I didn't know it last night!"

As our expressions reeled perceptibly, she went on:

"It was true, all right, that I did send those orders to my broker. I deposited all my General Gadget shares with him, and had him turn all the rest of my stocks into General Gadgets, too. Next I sent him a letter with orders to buy, using the deposited stock as collateral, as much more General Gadgets as the total he now had on hand."

Aunt Mabel sipped a bracer of coffee.

"I gave those orders because I wanted to be able, honestly, to tell all sundry and chiselling Dowds that I had given them . . . had put up everything in this market. . . ."

She faced us stonily.

" . . . What I wanted to find out, when the market declined, was whether I could really segregate the Dowds from the duds. . . ."

A dentist's drill, touching a nerve, could have produced no more spontaneous reaction. Yet none of us could find speech.

"But as soon as I mailed the letter, I drove on to Elmsbridge and mailed another letter, special delivery. This instructed the broker to cancel all orders entered in my name. This was done to void the instructions I had just sent him. In this way, I could tell you what I had ordered him to do—and still stay out of the market."

"Oh!" The relief in Lem's tone was enormous.

"Oh—goose feathers! The trouble was that, owing to a difference in train time, the cancellation letter got there first. And owing to the difference in mail-times, it bore an earlier post-mark, too. So the broker figured that the cancellation letter was just an advance precaution to wipe the slate clean of any old orders that might have been standing on the books under my name, to make way for these new orders."

"But—but didn't he try to phone you?"

"Tried like a demon. But I was away and he couldn't get me. He was afraid to put the orders in, and didn't dare leave them out—he might be liable either way. So he put them in."

"But still—"

"By the time he did get me, after the close, the orders had already been executed. I explained that it was a mistake. He talked so fast then that I had to turn him over to my lawyer. I did get across to him, though, that I knew well enough all brokerage houses had 'Mistake Accounts' to liquidate errors, and that this was just what they were for. This silenced him so completely for a minute that I had a chance to hang up on him. So his letters and wires didn't bother me. But now. . . ."

AUNT MABEL tapped the paper before her feebly.

"My lawyer writes that a Broker's Mistake Account is for his mistakes—not mine. Telepathy isn't accepted in court, and the evidence rests on the postmarks. He says I am in for it, up to my last nickel."

The raw misery at the breakfast table was faintly tempered in three faces by reflections upon poetic justice. As a device to put the Dowds in their places, this made it unanimous, didn't it? Even so, we were scarcely able to eat, or taste what we were eating. As soon as we decently could, we bolted from the breakfast room.

"Aren't you coming, Aunt Mabel?"

We did not have to tell her that we were hopping into the car to drive to Elmsbridge, to watch the market opening at the branch office of a New York brokerage house. She shook her head. Hopelessly. As I glanced back, she was still sitting crumpled in her chair.

When we got to the branch office, it seemed as though the whole suburbanside had turned out, too. There was standing room only—and just enough of that for us to elbow our way into a position from which we could see the translux. For my part, I didn't even see it then, although I mechanically watched the pale green transparent band sliding across its frame in advance of the opening; limbering up with letters of the alphabet and numerals. All I could really see was the stricken figure of Aunt Mabel, huddled down in her

chair. With no protective coloration of money now, nor its peculiar tincture of arrogance, she was only a little old woman in trouble.

Everything, for her, depended on the opening price of General Gadgets. Yesterday's plunge had carried her below the minimum margin level. The rules left her broker no option. Her failure to put up more margin obliged him to sell. His logical anxiety was to get out with a whole skin himself—that is, to sell her holdings for at least as much as he had loaned her on them. This could be achieved if she were able to realize an average price of 45 for the stock. If a fraction above that, she would have a pittance coming to her; if below, she would be just that much under solvency.

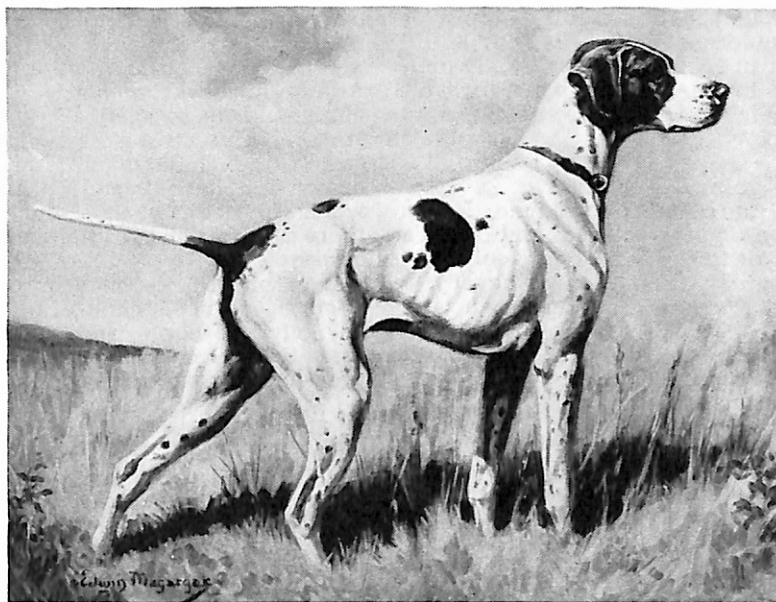
AT LAST, the tape started to move for the opening. The crowd in the room flexed as one muscle. The first symbols, of inactive stocks, told nothing to those who were hoping against experience that the market would come through with one of its inexplicable about-faces right at the start. The letters of the first "market leader" to ride into view, Cosmic Motors, came with a block of 9,000 shares. A combination gasp and groan saluted it. Down three points. Other "leaders" followed irregularly, in a swarm of lesser stocks, for the sickening reason that the pressure to sell was so great as to delay their opening transactions. Reminiscent of 1929, it was a massacre!

I shouldered my way backwards. Lem and Ellen edged along with me toward the door. We wanted air. But just inside, we waited, straining to see the translux over the heads of the crowd. General Gadgets, Lem told us in a parched voice, is usually an early opener. Every minute of delay was more ominous. Ellen, I vaguely became aware, was clinging to my arm, while I was clutching Lem's shoulder. Lem started violently and pointed at the illuminated frame. The tape-symbols of General Gadgets emerged from the side. The type presently read, "GX5 B 38½—O 42¼". Neither Ellen nor I could understand it; what we did understand was that both she and I were now holding up Lem.

"That means," he imparted huskily, "that they haven't yet reached an actual sale—those are the 'bid' and 'offered' prices. Some stock is offered as low as 42¼, but nobody is willing to pay more than 38½."

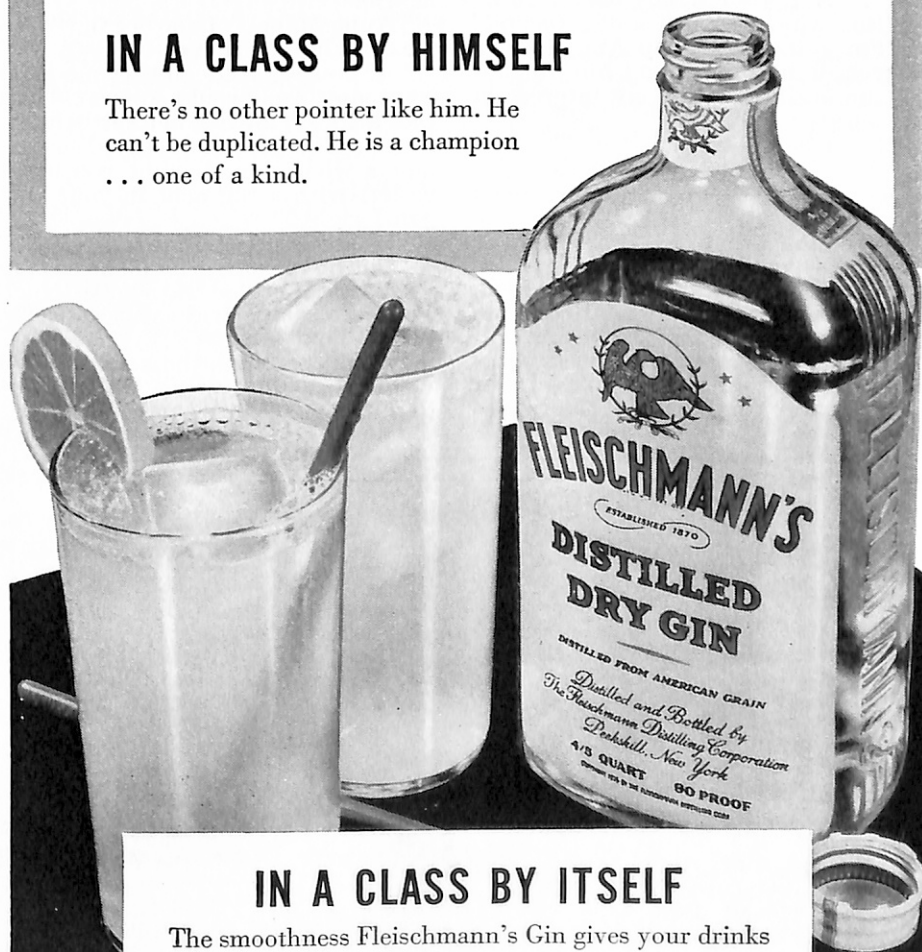
A stunned exhalation broke from the company. This was the most sensational instance yet of market collapse. And the worst of it was that we knew why. Aunt Mabel's uninspired attempt to show what King Lear should have done to the Dowds had knocked the bottom right out of the stock. . . .

They tell of a broker, in the crash of 1929, who discovered at the close of a day two baskets full of selling orders which had been overlooked. This has since held quality-rating among Wall Street's mistake legends.



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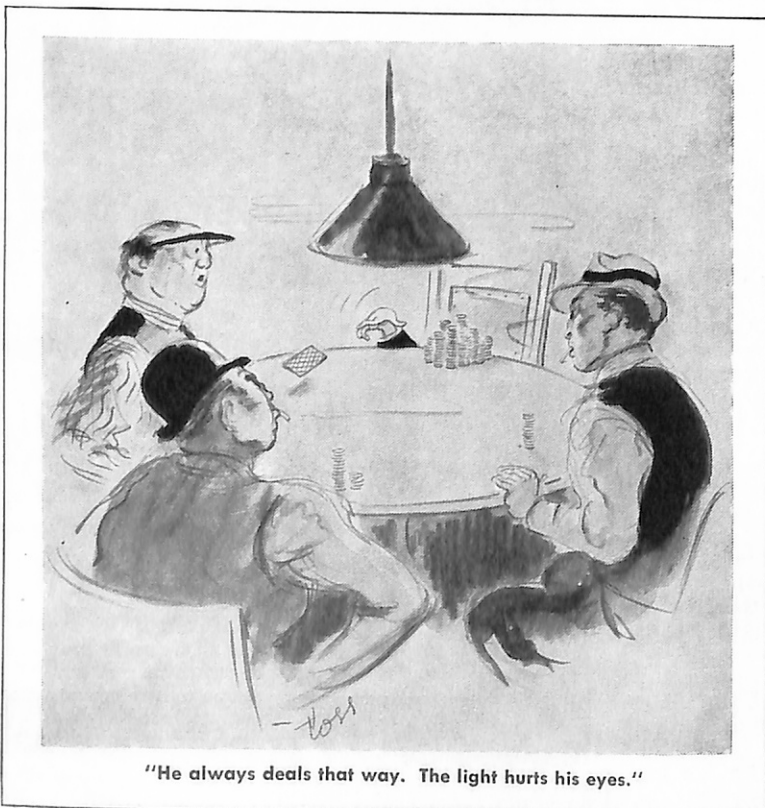
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My Two Days in the Army

(Continued from page 13)

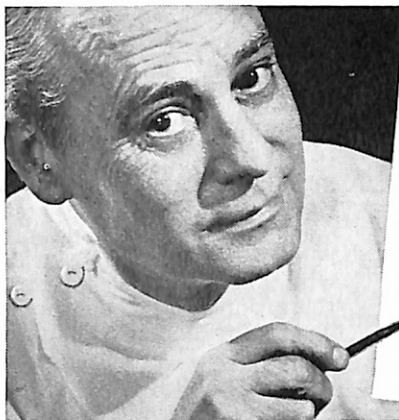
just as true in 460 B.C., when the current Hitler was Xerxes—it is this: "Keep your mouth shut and do as you are told." It is at once the simplest and most certain formula for success ever devised. It is attributed to a man named Ug who fought in the First Cliff Dwellers War back in good old Neolithic times. Ug, as you might suspect, was a sergeant.

Probably the most interesting and certainly the most important piece of equipment issued to a selectee is the newly revised *Soldier's Handbook*. This book is titled with characteristic army restraint. *Soldier's Fact Compendium and Encyclopedia* would be more accurate, and even that would be an understatement. For this little 250-page volume tells a soldier in precise detail how to do everything except whelp a guppy. It is a cross between the *Boy Scout Manual* and the *Book of Knowledge* and any soldier who knew everything in it would not only be a formidable fighting man, he would seriously threaten the intellectual supremacy of the Quiz Kids.

The *Soldier's Handbook* not only contains information on everything from "Air Corps, pay" to "Wounds, poisoned, first aid for", but it is streamlined for selectee consumption as well. It doesn't have any abrupt commands; it gives the impression of being filled with polite suggestions. And while it's somewhat difficult to suggest politely what to do for rattlesnake bite or how to duck a tank, the anonymous author of the *Handbook* somehow manages to do so. Without doubt he was a consummate gentleman.

A close study of the *Handbook* is worthwhile because it reveals 1941 General Staff policy in training an emergency army. It shows, in distinct contrast to older conceptions, that the War Department today believes in educating the soldier rather than training him; that it lays great importance on getting him to think for himself, and of understanding the why's and wherefore's of what he does. For armies today no longer depend for success on mass formations, and yesterday's heroic vogue of lining up thousands of troops and marching them side by side into enemy fire is as dead as the dodo. Today each soldier must be taught to be an individual strategist capable of working in close harmony with anything from a platoon to a division.

The first hint of the new anti-regimentation attitude comes in the first sentence of Paragraph I in Section I of Chapter I of the *Handbook*, which introduces the selectee to the responsibilities of group life as follows: "Before you joined the army you



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breath offenders

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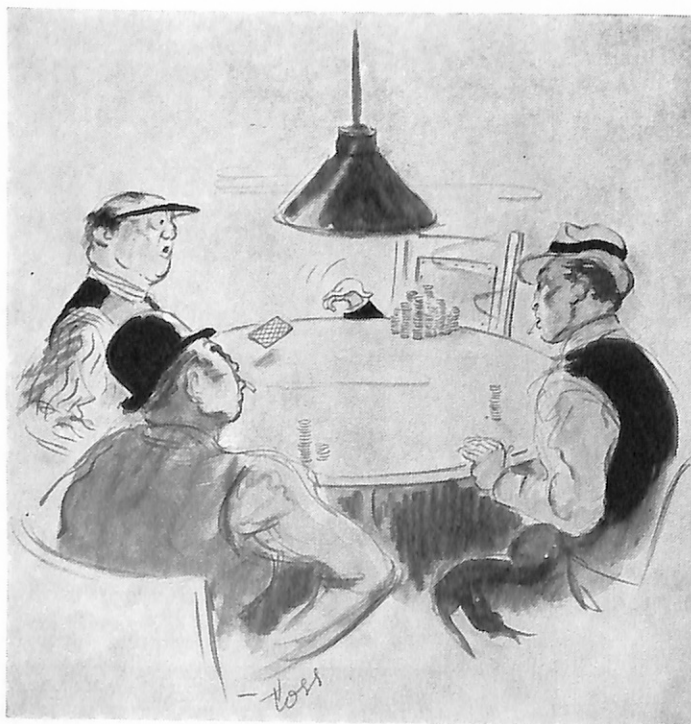
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it says. At another point, discussing the careless handling of guns, the book is equally direct: "Don't point your rifle at anyone unless you intend to kill him." But while these references to killing are perhaps unavoidable reminders of the fundamental purpose of an army, their rarity throughout the Handbook, which discusses all manner of infantry fighting, scouting, patrolling, reconnaissance, gas—in short, discusses war and how to fight it—indicates that someone has made a particular effort to avoid them.

Napoleon's old wheeze about an army moving on its stomach is fully recognized by the United States Government, which spends more money on food for its soldiers than any government in the world. This is a break for the trainee whose perpetual bellyaches about the food are ignored by every oldtime officer who recognizes them as a clear indication that he is healthy in body and morale. When a soldier stops complaining, then watch out; something is seriously wrong with him. The easiest thing to complain about is the ration; it provides three separate and brand new opportunities for raising hell every day. So the soldiers complain about the food.

To be sure, army menus are not prepared with the same gastronomical passion which characterizes, say, the compilation of the *carte de jour* at the Waldorf. As a matter of fact, their official description is pretty bleak. There are five kinds of ration known to the trade as garrison ration and field rations A, B, C and D. Field ration D is admittedly on the skimpy side, consisting as it does of three four-ounce bars of concentrated chocolate. Certainly that isn't porterhouse steak in any man's language. On the other hand, it isn't very heavy to lug around, either.

But the garrison ration is the most important because it is what the soldier gets almost all the time. It consists of food generally spoken of with some respect as wholesome. Beans, meat, biscuits and potatoes are the standard items, and despite all the theories of diet which have cropped up since the last war no one seriously expects the army bean to go the way of the cavalry horse. According to the army's diet experts, about the only major change in the food since the last war has been the addition of more fruit, vegetables and milk. And despite all that is known about food concentrates, and despite even field ration D, there is no proposal to feed soldiers on capsules of vitamins that are good for them. "Soldiers want a full belly three times a day," the dieticians say, "and they don't want it full of capsules, either."

The army claims that it gives each man five pounds of food per day which is up ten ounces since 1917. This, some expert in Washington has figured out, means that the soldier is better fed than 60% of United States civilians. The food for each unit is purchased by the mess sergeant with funds credited to the mess account

of each organization. The sergeant can buy from the commissary, from local markets or from nearby farmers. He can even take a basket and go down to the "A & P", if he wants to. If he spends less than the government allows, and some of these mess sergeants are shrewd traders, the saving is kept by the unit to be spent on a blow-out as and when finances and inclination dictate. But no matter what happens, no matter how many banquets are held or what meals he serves, the sergeant knows, and everybody else knows, that there will be six periods each day for complaints about the food: before and after breakfast, before and after lunch, and before and after dinner. The rest of the time the boys are drilling.

But of all the innovations which have come to the army since the selectees' training program got under way, the newest of them is publicity with a capital P. Everybody in the United States seems to want to know what is going on in the camps every minute of the day and night, and for the first time in U. S. military history, the army is valiantly striving to tell them. Where previously under its traditional policy the army was about as communicative as a disconnected telephone, today, under orders that stem from Secretary of War Stimson, the program of the authorities is to tell the public everything and let it form its own judgment.

IN SUMMING up the new policy, Major General Robert C. Richardson, Jr., director of the Army's Bureau of Public Relations, told more than 200 officers from posts and camps throughout the country that there was little, if any, need for secrecy and instructed them to give the press as much information as it wanted. In addition he told them to send news to the home town papers of the boys in their camps. "Tell them what a mother naturally wants to know about her boy," he said, "but tell them too about the hardships the boys are enduring."

So important does the War Department consider public opinion in building and maintaining the morale of its armed forces, that public relations officers in the various camps have been put on 24-hour-a-day duty. They must be ready at any time of the day or night to turn out and show a newspaper or magazine writer around a camp and to answer any question from "What is a Jeep?" (It's a selectee) to "Can the U. S. Navy lick Japan?" (It can). They are good, these fellows. They work hard at their jobs and meet interminable, foolish questions with courtesy, tact and, what is more important, the right answers! But the old timers, the non-coms, still look askance at the new policy. They run from a reporter like a rabbit before a greyhound. And if you do manage to corner one of them with a query on some military secret like, "Does a sergeant outrank a corporal?" they

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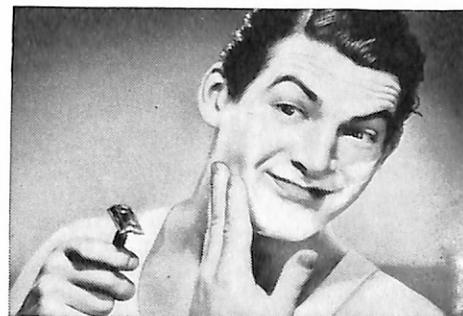
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are likely, if they unbutton at all, to come back with something like "Submit all questions in writing to the post commander; he will send a prompt reply to any it would be proper to answer."

But the army's policy of cooperation with the press has had some kickbacks, too. Smart press agents, realizing that anything the army does is news, have tried to use the army to get publicity for everything from bubble dancers to soap. And many of them have succeeded. Unfortunately, many post commanders, having led the comparatively cloistered military life for more years than they care to remember, are somewhat naive when it comes to the devious machinations of press agents. "The generals are a push-over," as one press agent put it.

The most crass idea that has been proposed to date, and one which, God save the army, didn't get by, was the offer made by a strip tease artist to entertain a soldier over a weekend. It would have been feature news all right, but not so good for the army. The public relations officer who stopped that one deserves nothing less than the D.S.C.

But some tie-ups have gotten by. For example, a nationally prominent dancing teacher offered to teach some of the boys in camps to dance. The offer seemed innocent enough and probably was. A division of charming and glamorous dancing teachers invaded one of the camps flanked by a battery of photographers. So far all right, but the pictures taken weren't the straight and prissy type of Joe Jeep and the beautiful femme engaged in a pleasant polka. The pictures that came out showed soldiers, joyfully, I fear, massaging the feet of weary but alluring lady dancing partners. The press agent was pleased but the army wasn't. "Not typical of army activity," was the official reaction. What they said in the back rooms was plenty.

EVEN George Burns and Gracie Allen have managed to cash in on the army's publicity value. They have visited a number of camps and rounded up all the selectees named Allen, claiming to be searching for Gracie's brother, Willie, who in their radio show is supposed to be lost. These gags properly followed up make

swell news stories and inevitably increase the popularity of the comedy team and make them more valuable to their radio sponsor. As the army gets more sophisticated they'll be stopped, however, and only those performers who really want to help provide entertainment for the soldiers, regardless of publicity, will be granted access to the camps.

But in case you're concerned for fear that the army is so greatly changed that nobody will again recognize it, let me give you one reassuring note which was passed on to me in the strictest confidence and only on my assurances that it wouldn't be revealed until now. With all the innovations that have been introduced, from little gas buggies, to huge tanks, to politeness and publicity, there is one thing in the army that still remains the same. In the near future the army plans to purchase 11,000,000 pairs of shoes. This means that our selectees are still going to wear out twice as many pairs of shoes as civilians. It means too, and somehow this gave me a feeling of confidence about the whole thing, that wherever he wants to go he is going to walk to get there.

The Almighty Muscle

(Continued from page 10)

of the "smart" stars frequently must be expressed in fractions, befool themselves falling off chairs with raucous laughter whenever brains are mentioned as a requisite for playing adroitly the great American game of baseball.

The majority of the heroes have feet and heads of clay. This is not a cynical criticism; it is not intended to be an arrogantly snobbish observation. It merely is a simple statement of fact. Ball players with ordinary intelligence, as you and I recognize it, are as rare in the major leagues as liberal-minded Fascists. Some of the more celebrated stars are painfully stupid and a scattered few can insert a monosyllable here and there in a general discussion having nothing to do with their trade. But put a ball or a bat in their fists and they have a native shrewdness, an intuitive flair for their profession, quite astonishing in penetration and scope.

If pure intellect was the pay-off in baseball, Mr. Moe Berg of the Boston Red Sox would be the greatest ball player of all time. Mr. Berg is a graduate of Princeton, Columbia Law School and the Sorbonne. He is a distinguished amateur philologist and has written book reviews on the subject for the *New York Times*. He has been a guest star on "Information, Please" and has not been stricken by a sudden attack of laryngitis. Mr. Berg's scholarship is so extensive that he is conversant with almost all languages ranging from Sanskrit to Brooklynese. In the winter of 1934 he toured the

Orient with a team of major-league stars. When he embarked at San Francisco, Japanese was one of the few languages Berg did not know. Three weeks later he delivered a lecture at Keio University on a new method of translating Japanese into English and savants hailed it as a valuable addition to the science. Mr. Berg is a very intelligent party, but he never was better than a third-rate ball player.

In sharp contrast there is the typical case of Dizzy Dean, the smartest pitcher in the business until his arm went dead. Larry MacPhail, president of the Dodgers, assures us Dean could not pass a mental aptitude test for a five-year-old. "A bright five-year-old," MacPhail adds cautiously.

"But on the mound Dean was the brainiest pitcher of his time," he says. "I never saw him make a stupid play or pitch. I doubt that he ever finished grammar school. On the ball field, though, Dizzy was as cunning as a fox. Cunning is the only word I know which describes his mental sharpness."

Possession of a college degree is not *prima facie* evidence of brain power, to be sure, but it does suggest that the holder of same is no lightweight upstairs. At the present time there are only two college graduates managing teams in the major leagues. (Frank Frisch, the Fordham Flash, quit school at the end of his junior year.) They are Luke Sewell, of the St. Louis Browns and the University of Alabama, and Doc Prothro, whose cross is the Phillies

and who is a graduate of the University of Tennessee's Dental School. If it were possible to think the heroes into winning ball games, Sewell and Prothro would be doing famously. The last time we looked at the Browns and Phillies, through a telescope, each were in eighth place and practically out of sight.

Fans of another generation will remember Shufflin' Phil Douglas, a great pitcher for the Giants twenty years ago. They also may recall that Douglas was one of the smartest pitchers of his time. Douglas was illiterate. Poor Shoeless Joe Jackson, of the infamous Black Sox, was another unlettered hill William, but he was a devastating hitter—and all good hitters must do a certain amount of thinking with the pitcher.

A few years ago, when the Yankees were the scourge of baseball, their top-flight pitchers were Lefty Gomez and Charley Ruffing. Gomez has the readiest wit in baseball today; he is a self-possessed, urbane gent and he knows the score at all times. Ruffing went to work in the coal mines when he was thirteen; compared to the volatile Gomez, he is dull and he never has been heard to opinion on any subject not related to his trade. But Ruffing is so much smarter than Gomez as a pitcher that it is no contest. When Gomez lost his fast ball, he was licked. Ruffing had the best season of his career two years ago when he lost the hop on his hard one and had to pitch with his head, not his arm.

Perhaps you have noticed that some stars respond to requests for

autographs in labored fashion, as if they are not exactly familiar with the calligraphic art. Their brows become an auxiliary hair-line as they concentrate hard on the correct spelling of their names; they write with painstaking effort. But they are stars; if they weren't, the autograph hounds would not besiege them.

Brains have an important place in baseball, but the fan often misplaces the emphasis. It is silly to speak of smart pitchers, as such, for the very obvious reason that the catcher furnishes the brains, if any, for a battery. It is the catcher who decides on the pitch which is supposed to outwit the hitter. The practice of having the pitcher decide on the signal never was prevalent and it is virtually unknown today. And more often than not, the manager sitting on the bench does the heavy thinking for the catcher.

The science of belting a baseball involves a certain degree of cerebration, but it is strictly instinctive and cannot be trained or controlled. On every team in the big leagues there is at least one cutie who specializes in stealing the opposition's signals. The wise guys are so adept at this phase of legal larceny that they can intercept the catcher's sign to the pitcher and tip off the hitter with remarkable accuracy and consistency. If brains furnished the power for base-knocks, .300 hitters would be as common as ants at a picnic lunch. There never was a great hitter, however, who wanted the pitch called for him. Conscious thinking acts as a brake on co-ordination, interferes with normal reflexes and reactions. The muscle men operate by ear and bash the baseball as they see it, not as they think.

Casey Stengel, manager of the Boston Braves, covers the subject pretty thoroughly when he says, "What use has a big, strong guy got for brains when he can throw a fast ball through a brick wall or hit a ball over it?"

No manager will admit as much publicly, but I have heard several managers declare they would rather have a dull-witted, methodical ball player on their team than a bright lad in the habit of thinking for himself. Intelligence, as manifest by its by-product imagination, can be a definite handicap in baseball. The 154-game season is a long, taxing grind imposing a severe strain on nerves. The imaginative athlete tends to brood over reversals and personal slumps; he magnifies his own mistakes with the result that he falls into bleak depressions which affect the entire team. The phlegmatic fellow, satisfied to do the best he can, goes along putting one little game after the other behind him and seldom becomes panicky or unduly alarmed when things go haywire. He will play himself out of slumps quicker and, in general, will be a more consistent, if not a more brilliant, performer than the bright boy.

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The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the November issue should reach us by September 15th.

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And consistency wins pennants in the major leagues.

The academic discussion of brains and brawn at the last All-Star game reminded some of the boys of the clinching anecdote from another All-Star affair. The American League team was holding a conference before the game a few years ago and deciding on the proper method of pitching to each National Leaguer. Everything was lovely until the name of Pittsburgh's Arky Vaughan was mentioned. At that time Vaughan was menacing the lives of National League pitchers and infielders with a .400 average.

Someone reckoned as how low balls was the dose of poison for Vaughan. Another big brain leaped to his feet and howled Oh, my gosh, no! Vaughan murders that stuff. High balls inside would handcuff him. Instantly, the place was in a bedlam. At the height of the furious controversy, Lefty Gomez arose and

walked toward the door. He was asked where he thought he was going.

"For five years National League pitchers are goin' crazy tryin' to find out how to stop Vaughan and they ain't got the answer yet," he remarked coldly. "You guys are tryin' to dope it out in five minutes. The hell with it. I'm leavin'." A photographer wants to take my picture outside."

So Gomez started the game and Vaughan presently had great difficulty getting a loud foul off the fast balls thrown at him by the south-paw sage.

The picture I will cherish forever—more concerns Dizzy Dean, when he was at the peak of his form. It seemed Dizzy was warned of the disaster which surely would overtake a pitcher who relied exclusively on speed and strength to overpower the hitter. Such a silly citizen, Dizzy was assured, shortly would wear

out his arm and be bereft of his effectiveness, job and money in the bank. The trick was to smarten up, outguess the batter, save the arm.

Dizzy accordingly smartened up in his next game. In the first inning the opposition began to pin back his large, well-shaped ears and in no time at all had the bases loaded with one out. There was a hasty council of war in the middle of the diamond and it was the considered opinion of one and all that Dizzy must get still smarter, if possible. At that point, Dizzy, in an advanced state of confusion and shocking language, told the board of strategy to get the hell out of there.

Dizzy wound up seven times; he cracked his arm as if it were a buggy whip. He struck out two hitters on seven fireballs thrown right down the alley and, as he stalked off the field, thumbed his nose at the intellectuals. Or maybe it just seemed he did.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 11)

the Opposition seems just a bit too pat—as when the mother superior, who seems to have no kindness in her, turns out to be a German aristocrat. As a story we follow it to the end, and the solution that Dr. Cronin has found is logical and satisfying. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50)

Doctors who write about health have a way of trying original titles to get your eye, but I find, on reading their books, that they agree on fundamentals. They are all opposed to the old superstitions and fallacies that used to be repeated in patent medicine advertisements. They all advise moderation in eating, drinking, smoking and working; they suggest slowing down after 40; they refuse to endorse vigorous exercise for a man who has done little and has no great need of it. August A. Thomen, M.D., of New York City, is the latest author to put his wise suggestions into a book; it bears the somewhat eye-filling title of "Doctors Don't Believe It—Why Should You?" Dr. Logan Clendenen has endorsed it in a foreword. Its advice is excellent; it answers a lot of questions. Dr. Thomen emphasizes the nutritive qualities of milk, for young and adult; he prefers graham bread to whole-wheat bread; he doesn't think spinach very important; he feels that underweight is a definite advantage in many cases, and he thinks many of the weight-reducing methods by means of bath salts and body-rubbing are of small value. He gives his own tables for diet and weight reduction. He has some new ideas about how to draw water for a bath. He has no faith in many of the therapeutic claims for tooth paste and powder. He even says there are occasions when the toothpick can be useful—

in private. Dr. Thomen describes the symptoms of the major diseases and warns readers against making too much of disheartening gossip. He believes an adult should let a doctor check him up twice a year, so that every phase of his physical constitution is under observation. A human being is a machine that runs slower as it gets older and needs more attention as the decades pile up. This book answers many vital questions. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50)

John Masefield, the grand old poet of England, has been recalling his youth in New York, before he became a great poet. As a lad he used to sweep out a saloon that stood where Christopher Street begins today—the building has been torn down. Then he worked in a carpet mill in Yonkers, and his life there, and the reading he did, are described in his new book, "In the Mill". This, he says, was 45 years ago, which would make it about 1895, when upper New York City was still unclear and unbuild. He has a keen memory of the work and the people in the carpet mill, the wool-dust that floated everywhere and the men in the dyeing department who went around with yellow and green hands and frightened the women. He had a habit of reading and reciting poems, and one of the books that he carried with him from Greenwich Village was Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. When he was learning seamanship on the Conway (he has written about that elsewhere) he read the books of Capt. Marryat, Clark Russell and Richard Henry Dana; now he reads some of Herman Melville's tales—"White Jacket" and "Moby Dick". Later on he bought "Trilby", which was the rage, and from that came to "Peter Ibbetson",

and he writes that he read these books with enthusiasm because they came when he needed "an inner life"; they cheered up the wintry days when the work in the mill became dull and routine. It was in these days that he first became acquainted with Keats and Chaucer. He thinks the carpets made in the mill bore flowery designs, but he never saw more than half a dozen of the completed carpets and does not believe that his co-workers cared enough about them to look for them. He feels that "if carpets are worth doing at all, they are worth doing well". A few years ago he revisited the carpet mill; he found none of his old associates and he knew that he could not revive the past. (Macmillan, \$2.)

STORIES of individual hardships and heroism are always more effective and appealing than accounts of mass attacks or bombing. For the suffering of the individual is our own suffering; he is a human being like ourselves, and we feel vicariously what happens to him. But we have no basis for imagining the agony of drifting about on the ocean in an open boat for seventy days. Only men who go through such an ordeal can describe it. In "Two Survived", by Guy Pearce Jones, we have such a record, simply told. It is a record of hardship that will be a part of history.

William McFee explains in an introductory note what happened. On the night of Aug. 21, 1940, the British freighter *Anglo-Saxon*, with a cargo of coal for South America, was attacked and sunk by the German raider *Weser*, 1,000 miles east of the Cape Verde islands. The chief officer and six others escaped in the

jolly boat. They drifted about. The radio officer's foot had been crushed, gangrene set in and he died. The chief officer and the third engineer went overboard together when they could stand it no longer. Two men survived—Robert Tapscott, 19, and Wilbert Widdicombe, 21, who, after terrible agony, reached Eleuthera, one of the islands of the Bahamas, and were cared for. Their story is the story of this book. Widdicombe had been trained as a sailor on the *Conway*, off Liverpool, on which John Masefield served. After his recovery he returned to England on the Siamese Prince, which was sunk with all hands Feb. 18, 1941. Thus Tapscott is the only survivor. (Random House, \$2)

Schoolboy boners are always good for a laugh, but adults make similar errors many times. Is it courage or stupidity that makes adults get up before thousands of people during a radio program and make fools of themselves by missing the simplest questions? Perhaps it is exhibitionism, for obviously many of these candidates are unprepared and are merely gambling on the prize-money. I often wonder about the feelings of the woman who knew who Jean Arthur was, but couldn't identify Chester A. Arthur. "He was once president of the United States," replied the master of ceremonies. Maybe she decided that this was an unfair question; how could anybody be expected to know that?

You can open "The Pocket Book of Boners" and get a chuckle out of it. You can read that "A brazier is the kind of garment the Italians wore instead of having their houses heated by furnaces." And that "The feminine of bachelor is lady in waiting." Also that "the dome of St. Paul's is supported by eight peers, all of which are cracked." And that Shakespeare was born on his birthday, that Will Rogers led the settlers of Rhode Island, that Queen Victoria sat on a thorn for 63 years and Yom Kippur was a general in the Japanese army. This is one of those little 25 cent books that fits the pocket. The same series has just reprinted *Fer-de-Lance*, a Nero Wolf mystery by Rex Stout.

THRILLERS of the hour seems to be led off by "Above Suspicion", by Helen MacInnes, which deals with agents of the British Foreign office penetrating Germany to get information. This is more than a mere murder mystery, has good characterization and a swift flow of events. It deals with the pilgrimage of Richard and Frances Myles, who have spent their holidays in Germany and hence are picked by the British Foreign Office for special duties there in the summer of 1939. The British want to know what has become of one of their best agents, who is supposed to be a prisoner of

the Gestapo or dead. The Gestapo is thought to be using his code to send misinformation to the British. The two who are sent are an Oxford don and his wife, and they work with a young Englishman and an American newspaper correspondent. There are plenty of exciting passages in the story. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

"I'll Eat You Last" by H. C. Branson has an odd title and is another good yarn. In it John Bent, criminologist, is asked by Senator James Maitland to discover what killed his wife, clear up some poison pen letters and free the senator of the suspicion that he had killed his spouse. Was the death accidental or wasn't it? This is one of those cases in which every clue counts. (Simon & Schuster, \$2)

"The Hungry Dog" by Frank Gruber has a touch of humor in it. Sam Cragg's uncle Julius is murdered and Sam inherits his estate, including 200 St. Bernard dogs. Go on from there with Johnny Fletcher. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2)

THERE must be a great many readers of this Magazine who enjoy cruising, in motor boats, sailboats and on the liners that ply the Great Lakes and the coastal waters. For them "Cruising North America", by Lieut. Commander Frederic M. Gardiner should be delightful reading. Commander Gardiner has the idea that every body of water should have a boat on it; moreover he thinks trailer-cruising ought to become popular—although it is a bit cumbersome, carrying a small boat on wheels behind your car so that you can explore the inland lakes. Probably only a few enthusiastic mariners like Commander Gardiner explore the whole United States, but I can assure you that I enjoyed reading about cruising on lakes that I shall never see, chiefly because the author made it vivid and entertaining. He has a great deal of information to offer; he tells stories about traveling up and down the intra-coastal waterway, on the Atlantic; he discusses the currents and scenic joys of the Great Lakes; he goes into the rivers and follows the sailors to the Pacific coast and Alaska. The United States has acquired many new lakes in recent years with the building of government dams and many of these can be used for picnic purposes by small boats. Lake Mead, behind Boulder Dam, is 115 miles long; the Lake of the Ozarks, in Missouri, is 129 miles long. And the Pacific coast offers startling wonders. Commander Gardiner makes cruising a highly enjoyable pastime, but he is also practical and has excellent advice to offer. "Cruising North America" is a good book to keep in mind when you are thinking about trips on the water. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$3.50)

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Your Dog

(Continued from page 16)

they've got something that endears them the more to their owners. You'll see an eager intelligence in their eyes, an awareness of what's going on and a way of carrying themselves that reveals a consciousness of having been trained to fulfill the real purpose of the dog. That purpose is to be useful to men. While these contestants don't have to be bench show winners they must be pure-breds. But we'll add this—any intelligent dog regardless of whether his ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*, lends himself to the same obedience training.

Let's look over the field: there's a cocker spaniel, a great dane, a poodle, two wire-haired terriers, two German shepherds and a Chow. At a nod from the judge the owner of the cocker begins to circle the ring with his dog on the leash. Suddenly he stops and just as suddenly Fido squats on his tail. As the owner resumes his walk the dog does likewise. There are several more sudden stops with the same result, the dog squatting each time. Next we see the man make a number of right-turns, left-turns and about turns with his dog sticking as close to him as his shadow. The pace is varied too, from a slow walk to a rapid trot but this doesn't fool the dog; he's right there every time. Those two ring stewards? They're standing there so dog and owner can walk between them in a figure eight fashion. At a word from the judge the dog's owner unsnaps the leash and the whole performance is duplicated, this time with Fido as free as the air. Repeated commands, whistling, snapping the fingers or in any way directing the dog other than giving him the initial command are penalized.

Following this comes the recall test. For this we see the owner plant his pooch on the far side of the ring. See, he's signaling his dog to come to him and you'll note that the little cocker makes no detours on the way. Reaching his Boss, the pup promptly squats and then takes a position at heel at the man's left knee.

No, the owner isn't going to desert his dog; he's just fixing to put the little fellow to the "long sit" test. Here you'll note that after he has left the dog, and retired to the other end of the ring, the judge consults his watch to count off a full minute during which time Fido stays planted.

He neither lies down nor leaves his position but remains seated. The minute is up and now the owner returns to his dog who takes his place at heel. Next and final, we see the "long down" performance. This time the cocker is commanded to lie down while the owner leaves the ring for three minutes. If our canine degree-seeker gets up, changes his position or leaves it, he's promptly penalized by the judge. For each test there's a maximum number of points and the total for all adds to 100.

Listen now and we'll hear the judge announce his rating for our little fellow. Ninety-one points. Pretty good. If the dog turns in a report card with 85 points (passing mark) at two more shows in which at least six dogs have competed each time, he'll be allowed to tack a C.D. after his name. This means Companion Dog. The number of points given, incidentally, is entirely at the discretion of the judge.

So much for Novice Class A. All eight that we see in the ring have been put to the same tests given to the cocker. Now for Novice Class B. This time we see a sprinkling of professional handlers parading their purps. In this class it's okay for the pro to handle a dog and it's also permitted for an owner to enter more than one beastie. The tests for this class are the same as we saw applied in Class A.

Now Fido can go further in his books by entering the Open Classes, restricted to dogs that have won their C. D's. Here's one starting now. Note that it begins with the recall test. Let's watch this beagle. There's the signal from the dog's Boss and here comes the pooch on the double. Looks like that owner can't make up his mind; he's waving to the dog. See how the pooch stops dead in his tracks and does this darned quick too. He won't lie crouched there on his tummy very long. Nope, there's the recall signal again and there he is back at his master's side.

That wooden dumbbell the judge

has is going to be used in the next test—retrieving on the flat. That owner's no Hubbell but he's tossed the dumbbell far enough away to satisfy the judge. There goes the dog. He's got it. His tail wags a grateful thanks to the owner who gives a few words of praise as he takes the 'bell away from the dog. Those hurdles? That pooch will have to jump them and retrieve the dumbbell from the far side. The hurdle for average-big dogs is 3½ feet high.

Those things that look like kindergarten benches are for the long jump test. As this is one of the smaller dogs we're watching he'll have to jump a distance of four feet twice. For the big guys six feet is the minimum.

Well, we've reached the long sit test which is the same as we've seen our little friend the cocker undergo but this time Fido has to squat for a full three minutes. Now the long down follows and for five minutes Mr. Dog has to lay prone without batting an eyelash while his handler remains out of the ring and out of sight of the dog.

The total perfect score for these Open Classes is 250 points but the canine Einstein who gets himself 220 of these at three separate trials wherein at least six dogs competed in each is promoted to C.D.X. which means Companion Dog Excellent.

Now comes the most interesting exhibition of the day, open only to dogs that have won their C.D.X's. We'll now see the Utility Test and the first problem submitted to the canine scholar is to speak on command. This doesn't seem like a tough job to teach a dog, and it isn't—in the quiet of his own home. But when he's told to declare himself while a passel of flea-bags are barking all around him with an excited gallery looking on—that's something else again. You see, the requirements are that he keep his trap shut until he's told to open it. To teach him to turn in a 100% performance under these circumstances calls for

the patience of a process server. Add to this a little blarney and a judicious system of bribery, a short cut to Fido's brain being through his stomach. We'll add here, that in this assignment as well as all others in obedience work, punishment plays no part. The eagerness of the dogs to perform, their noticeable pride when successful



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of The Elks Magazine. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It is available to readers of The Elks Magazine at a special price of 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 East 42nd Street, New York.

and dejection when they fail is plain to everyone.

Now you'll see a test that always gets a rise out of the audience. It's a tough one for the dog too. Watch the judge while he mixes a jumble of small articles together. In that assortment are three belonging to the owner of the dog being tested. To make it harder for the pup the objects belonging to strangers must resemble those of the handler and one of these must be metal. Handkerchiefs of both owner and strangers are barred. You'll note how the handler of the dog being tested is careful to block its view while the articles are being shuffled together. That's an official requirement. Those two dogs that the judge waved aside will have to go home and do some more studying as they didn't make the grade. But those that did single out their master's belongings from those of the strangers had to do this no less than three times.

Here's another ring-around-a-rosy. Watch this owner as he circles the ring with that handsome Collie. What's he carrying that key case for? Watch and you'll see. Why the big chump, he doesn't seem to know that he has dropped it. By Gosh, he does at that; but what's he telling his dog? Well what do you know about that. There goes the pooch back for it. He must have eyes in his tail because we wouldn't have noticed the man dropping that case if he hadn't done it right in front of where we are standing. Look, that pup is bringing the case back to his owner—on a gallop. Damned handy dog to have around. This, my friend was the "Seek back for lost articles" test and it is par-

ticularly required that the article be dropped *unknown to the dog*.

Well, that's over. Next we're going to see the "Stand for Examination" test. A well-informed ringsider tells us that in this test Fido must stand quietly on or off the leash at about the length of the leash away from his handler. He, our informant, adds that the pooch must show no shyness—and to get tough while the judge examines him (thoroughly) only wins him a bad mark.

Now all of these tests can be held in connection with a dog show or minus it but the next test, for reasons as plain as the wart on Aunt Minnie's chin, must be staged far away from any canine clambake. This is the tracking test requiring plenty of open country. It's the one that climaxed the winning of the title U.D. by the little galoot who went to church. The dog is kept on a leash and the trail must be for a distance not less than 1/4 of a mile. The man who "lays the track" follows a devious course at the end of which he deposits an article that the dog must find. No assistance can be given by the handler and the leash used must be at least 30 feet long. The pundit pooch that successfully passes this test is awarded a Tracking Test Certificate and becomes the owner of a U.D. degree, meaning Utility Dog. And he is every inch a utility dog. As B. D. Jefferson Jr., authority on the subject recently wrote in the American Kennel Gazette, "Obedience training cannot develop brain power (in a dog) where none exists, but it is indispensable for holding and increasing whatever latent power with which the dog was born."

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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 25)

Knight John E. Drummey, a visitor from Seattle, Wash., was a speaker at the opening session over which State Pres. Jess Angstman, of Havre, presided.

The Association's three-day meeting began officially on Thursday, the 24th. With the induction on Wednesday night by initiation and reinstatement of approximately 100, Helena Lodge, the mother lodge of the State of Montana, added the largest number of members to its rolls in many years. The initiation was preceded by a banquet at 6:30 for members, candidates and visiting Elks. P.E.R. Hugh R. Adair, former Lieutenant Governor, was the principal speaker at the banquet, and E.R. Thomas F. Smith conducted the opening and closing ceremonies of the lodge. The initiatory work was performed by the Degree Team of Virginia City Lodge No. 390, winner of the State ritualistic contest.

The first business session was called to order on Thursday morning. Mayor Jack Haytin gave the welcoming address. Impressive Memorial Services were held on Friday morning. At the Friday morning business session, E. G. Toomey, who had been initiated into Helena Lodge on Wednesday night, de-

livered the principal address of the convention. Included in the convention activities were entertainment for the ladies, concerts by the Lewistown Elks Band, a golf tournament, a parade of colossal proportions, band and drum corps contests, a sightseeing tour, luncheons, dinners and dances, and a visit to the vocational school for girls. Featured in the parade was the drum and bugle corps from Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394, winner in the Grand Lodge Convention parade at Philadelphia as the best unit of its kind in line of march. An old-fashioned dance concluded the program on Saturday night.

The State Association voted to draw \$1,000 from its treasury for the purchase of a United States Defense Bond. The 1942 convention will be held at Butte. Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Herman C. Karow, of Kalispell, installed the new officers who had been elected as follows: Pres., Frank Venable, Butte; 1st Vice-Pres., James F. Higgins, Helena; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. J. Steiner, Lewistown; Secy.-Treas., Arthur Trenerry, Billings; Trustee, three years, C. M. Holbert, Virginia City. General Chairman R. D. Tobin, of Helena Lodge, pronounced the meeting a success, with a record attendance.

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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 17)

ing seems to pick up everywhere following the August doldrums. Out on the West Coast rivers are loaded with salmon, "jacks" and searun trout; in the Great Lakes section muskies and bass perk up with a bang and from Maine to the Carolinas the East Coast's salt water fishing talent gets in the season's most effective licks. And, incidentally, catches many of the year's biggest fish.

SEPTEMBER is the month when New Yorkers catch 500- to 700-pound tuna within sight of that popular gal, the Goddess of Liberty. It's also the month when the year's largest striped bass are taken by those perennial optimists, the beach squidders.

All of which is just dandy as far as this writer is concerned except for one thing: September happens to be the month when Quebec's duck season opens, and that, friends, is something no sane man passes up for tuna, striped bass or even salmon fishing, however good.

The reason Quebec's wildfowling has such a lure is simply that one isn't smothered in cockeyed gunning regulations. In addition, there are a lot of birds and few duck hunters. Gunning is permitted for a reasonable time before sunrise and after sunset, and the limit is 12 birds daily. Baiting and live decoys are not allowed, but neither is necessary. Quebec's ducks will decoy to anything, including a floating Haig & Haig bottle, and Nature's bounty provides ample "bait".

In the northern section of the province the season opens September 1, and the vast area of oat fields surrounding some parts of Lake St. Jean affords black duck shooting second to none. Provided you're the sort who isn't addicted to commercialized, cut and dried gunning. For in that country you're on your own. There are no duck guides, and, what's even better, practically no duck hunters.

The hunting method is one of complete simplicity—assuming, of course, you've graduated from the kindergarten class of wildfowling:

First, you prowl around for a day or so to find where the birds are living. If you can speak a little French, or are fortunate enough to find a native who can speak English and is interested in hunting, your task is greatly simplified.

Usually the black duck concentrations in this region will be found in some out-of-the-way pond or swampy area convenient to nearby oat fields. Once several of these duck hangouts are located, the rest is easy. The blacks are spooked out; decoys are tossed out, and, within 30 minutes or less, the birds will start tumbling in.

Although black ducks predominate

in this locality, the shooter also picks up a smattering of teal, sprigs, goldeneyes and lesser scaup. And jack-snipe!

Several seasons ago I persuaded a big game guide that jacksnipe shooting was fun and that, following a moose hunt, I craved to bust a mess of snipe with the .410. It took Mons. Crousette, my guide, a day to realize I wasn't kidding. Shoot those little things when we could hunt bear? Mons. Trullinger was making the joke, *non?*

FINALLY, we went jacksnipe hunting. Right in a cow pasture located almost in the center of the village of Roberval. We merely crawled under a fence and, presto! snipe were getting up like grasshoppers. Crousette never had done any wing-shooting but decided to try his hand with a 20-gauge skeeter I'd loaned him. Long before we'd worked out that cow pasture the guide was a snipe hunting convert.

"They are hard to hit, those rubber-billed ones, *non?*" was his grinning comment as he opened the second box of shells. We shot 17 birds in that pasture in an hour and a half.

On September 15 the southern section of the province along the St. Lawrence River opens to duck hunters, and that, too, is something. Probably the best gunning centers in the Lake St. Pierre region, where birds concentrate in countless thousands. Lake St. Pierre, about halfway between Montreal and Quebec, actually is not a lake but merely an enlargement of the St. Lawrence.

Here the sportsman has his choice of three gunning methods, namely, jump shooting in the marshes bordering the lake; the usual game over decoys, and a glorified form of pass shooting in the wild oat fields at sundown. To the best of this writer's knowledge it's the finest—and most reasonable—duck shooting in the northeast.

IT'S frequently silly to let your imagination run wild before ascertaining actual facts. For years this visitor to the American Museum, in New York, has marveled before a magnificent specimen of the Siberian tiger, whose lair is a conspicuously displayed glass case.

"What manner of man," we often asked ourself, "was it who tracked down this great animal? What were his feelings when, after months of preparation and weeks of patient hunting, he finally glimpsed the huge striped cat over his rifle sights?"

And did he, after the echoes of the shot had faded and the tiger lay dead in the snow, bare his head as becomes a sportsman who has met and bested a worthy quarry?

Surely, we thought many times, there must be a story behind this

bit of taxidermy—a yarn to thrill those who have roamed the wilds, either in fact or fancy. So one day recently we decided to get the story, and this is it:—

The tiger was shot, but unfortunately not by a dauntless stalker who faced privation and those two-inch fangs. Actually, the great beast shot itself!

The tiger was purchased by the Morden-Graves North Asiatic Expedition from native hunters who employ "set" or "spring" guns for wild pigs, roe-deer, stag and, occasionally, tigers.

These guns are smooth bores, single-barreled, set up on stages a few feet from the trail where animals are known to pass. The gun is lashed to the stakes and so aimed that the bullet will cross the trail about 18 inches above the snow level. A wire, rigged to the trigger, discharges the gun when a passing animal hits it.

We haven't given the tiger a tumble since learning the above facts.

SEVERAL years ago two friends were sitting in a duck blind side by side, when suddenly one slumped with a choking grunt. His companion naturally assumed his pal had been stricken by a heart attack, and didn't realize he'd been shot until he dragged the unconscious man from the blind and discovered blood on his hands. What had happened?

Two hundred yards away a teen-aged boy had fired at the duck hunters' decoys, mistaking them for the real thing. He didn't see—or later claimed he didn't see—the two hunters in the blind. The little .22 bullet had hit its victim under the shoulder blade. Death followed in less than 10 minutes.

Few hunters seem to realize that the shotgun, up to 50-yard range, is a terribly dangerous weapon, and that over 80 percent of this country's hunting fatalities occur inside that distance and are the result of shotgun blasts. At 20 yards or less, no more lethal weapon exists.

Public hunting grounds are excellent places to avoid during the gunning season. There are too many screwballs spraying chilled shot over the landscape in such places; besides, such spots cannot be properly hunted because of the congestion.

Matter of fact, the chap who hunts alone will be safer and is likely to return with more game. Those group hunts are okay from the social angle, but most turn out to be backwoods clambakes where someone is likely to get hurt, and occasionally does.

In this book the safest place to hunt is where the other fellow ain't. And when things get so congested in the woods that a red shirt is necessary, then, friends, it's an excellent time to stay home and tidy up the basement.

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By John Ransom

PASADO, presente y porvenir—or, in gringo dialect, past, present and future; these are the attractions Mexico holds for tourists. Could a wider selection be asked?

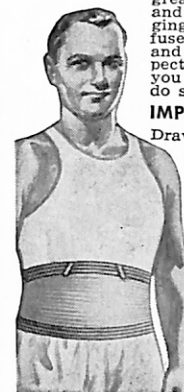
Whether you are an archeologist with a nose for musty antiquity or a student of the stirring days of Maximilian and his ill-starred empire below the Rio Grande, you will find the

past beckoning to you in every section of Mexico. Historic landmarks of every type, from ageless pyramids to modern battlefields, abound.

As for the present—well, you enjoy that in Mexico whatever your advance interest in the country may have been. For in Mexico you find the unbelievably fine climate; the

(Continued on page 56)

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As to the Mexico of the future, anyone with a flair for speculation will find it a paradise. Despite the length of its era of productivity, despite the nations that have risen and fallen there, Mexico still is an untapped reservoir of boundless wealth. Luxuriance abounds, in foliage, in crops, in minerals, in forests, in game, even in ideas. Mexico, for all its great age, lies fallow, a land to be developed by a generation yet to come.

But of one thing the prospective visitor can be certain: before he leaves Mexico he will have this to say about the country's future—it most certainly will see him again. For no one goes just once to Mexico.

In a land literally filled with natural and man-made wonders, it is difficult to designate any select few; however, it would be equally difficult to enumerate all in a brief article. We'll do our best to give you some of the high points.

The Cacahuamilpa Caverns, located only a few convenient miles from the capital of Mexico, near the popular colonial town of Cuernavaca, rival the splendors of Kentucky's famous Mammoth Cave and offer hundreds of distinctive features of their own. The caverns were discovered in 1835 by officers who had tracked a criminal to that region. The entrance, some 70 feet high and 150 feet wide, is composed of rocks so symmetrical that it gives the appearance of having been designed according to well-executed plans. Numerous rooms, named for the individual beauty and fantastic creations peculiar to each, stir the visitors' imagination. Thousands of glistening and delicately tinted stalactites, many possessing the clear, bell-like tones of purest crystalline chimes, make of this favored spot a wondrous paradise.

The Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, near Mexico City, represent with striking impressiveness the miraculous industry of a lost civilization. The history of these gigantic monuments is clouded with the uncertainties of a remote past, although it is definitely known that they date back fully as far as the 6th century. Throughout the ages, they constituted one of the principal centers of the strange religious worship common to the various pagan empires of Latin-American history. The larger of the two, the Pyramid of the Sun, is equal in volume to the celebrated Cheops Pyramid of Egypt. Both of them remain today, unspoiled by time, stalwart and mighty, as if in mocking derision of a modern civilization's ingenuity.

Xochimilco, a short drive from

Mexico City, is the scene of the most beautiful floating gardens in the world. A product of nature's most exquisite handiwork, this enchanted spot rightfully deserves the admiration that it receives from a constant stream of visitors. A maze of miniature canals separate the tiny verdant islands, covered with dainty multi-colored flowers. Sphinx-like Indians, with their odd-shaped canoes, exotic music and a blue sky or glamorous moon, serve to heighten the scenic luxury.

The Mitla Ruins, an archeological treasure haunt, located near the colorful little city of Oaxaca, is only a pleasant trip by rail from Mexico City and is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and valuable places of its kind yet revealed to man. Thousands of dramatic discoveries continue to be made at the site of this once great ancient metropolis. The ruins have withstood time and the elements and are as well preserved today as when the Spaniards discovered them four hundred years ago. The average observer will find little difficulty in appreciating the high degree of civilization attained by these mysterious dwellers of old. The Mitla Ruins are truly one of the wonders of Mexico, if not of the world.

THE Great Aqueduct of Queretaro carries potable water into the city from a nearby mountainside. This early 17th century feat of engineering, one of several in the Republic, is remindful of the marvels performed by the old Roman builders. The giant conduit is five miles long, 96 feet high, with 74 arches 50 feet high, supported by piers 46 feet thick. So perfect is the work that it seems to have been hewn from one solid formation of rock; so majestically graceful that it represents an object of beauty as well as an amazing accomplishment of man.

The Volcano of Jorullo, located in the state of Michoacan, is probably the most interesting and curious peak in the world. Until 1759 Jorullo was known as a highly productive farming community. In September of that year a series of subterranean rumblings and disturbances alarmed the natives, and lasted for three months. Then, suddenly, there occurred a violent explosion and the present volcano ripped through the center of the plain, rising to the height of 1,700 feet. The attention of the entire civilized world was focused on this freakish prank of nature, and smoking Jorullo stands today one of the foremost wonders of Mexico and an ever-present source of superstitious fear to the natives.

The wonders of Mexico are many; a land upon which both Man and Nature have lavishly bestowed their most capricious and extraordinary gifts.

And then there is the lovely island of Janitzio in Lake Patzcuaro. As you approach it in a launch manned by three grave Tarascan Indians, you see a blue-misted hump

rising from the pale green waters of the lake. When you see it through the delicate spray that the choppy waves throw against the boat, it looks like a child's dream of fairyland. As it grows larger, you make out the gigantic statue of the Mexican hero Morelos that stands on the summit.

On Janitzio you do not walk, you climb. The island is a round, steep hummock of land with streets and houses winding gracefully along its thickly wooded sides. Here is a complete unit of land, people and culture, like a tiny nation in itself—integrated and self-sufficient. These Tarascans are a comparatively pure race, distinguished by a certain dignity, even nobility, of face and bearing.

HERE an ancient people carries on its old historic life. The new generation, school-taught, will bring new things. But now they still fish in their wooden dugouts for the delicious whitefish of Patzcuaro. They weave colorful cloths on hand looms. They do the lacquer work that the Spanish priest Quiroga taught them in the 16th century. They are proud and independent, a beautiful people. It is good to know that they will play their part in making the Mexico of the future.

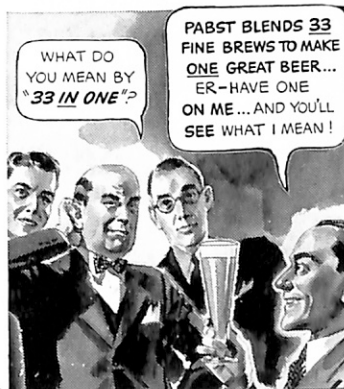
Of Mexico's numerous holidays and fiestas, the most important is the anniversary of her independence from Spain, September 16, 1810. On that date, Hidalgo, hero, martyr and father of his country, called together the Indians in the village of Dolores, in the State of Guanajuato and exhorted them to put an end to the Spanish rule in Mexico. (Padre Hidalgo was the village priest.) The Indians took up the challenge, armed themselves with lances and slings and began the struggle which eventually gave them their freedom.

In memory of Hidalgo's appeal, a similar ceremony is repeated every year in all the cities and towns in Mexico. Chief of these rituals is in Mexico City. At eleven o'clock at night on September 15, the President of Mexico appears on the balcony of the National Palace, rings the same bell that Hidalgo rang to summon the rebels and give a "trito" or shout, which is repeated by the crowd. (Actually the phrases are as follows: "Viva Hidalgo! Viva La Independencia! Viva México!") After each, the crowd in the Zocalo responds with a deafening "Viva!" The 16th is a holiday, celebrated by speeches, fireworks, parades and general merry-making.

While on the world's other hemisphere, major forces seem bent upon the destruction of a way of life, Mexico remains the same. It still observes its hundreds of religious holidays and its fiestas. At almost any time of the year and in all parts of the country, it is possible for the traveler to find some colorful pageant. A list of these fiestas can be obtained through *The Elks Magazine's* Travel Department.

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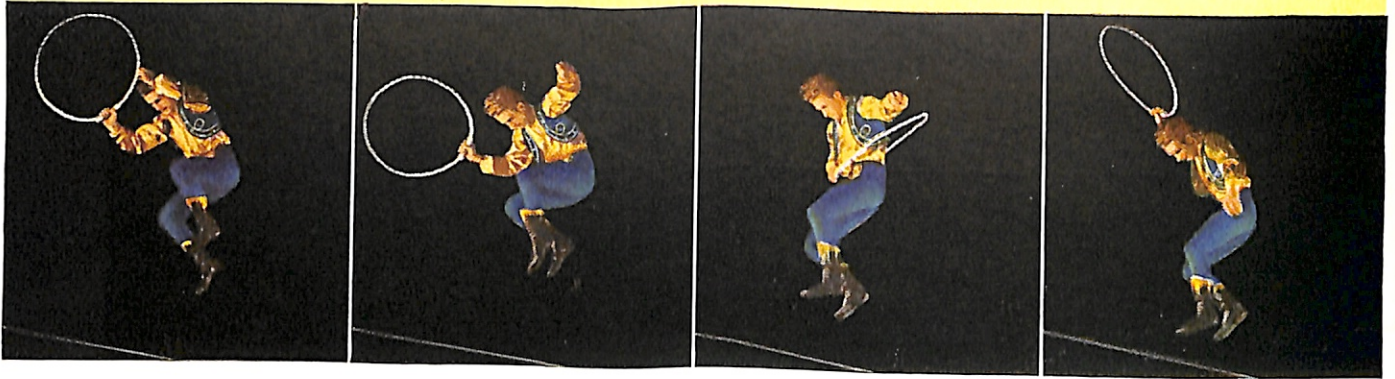


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self to PABST BLUE RIBBON? ...
Remember, '33 TO 1' BLENDING
makes it your *best bet in beer!*"

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

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● Hubert Castle worked 6 years—broke an arm, a leg, 3 ribs—to perfect the whirlwind series of somersaults and hoop jumps he performs on his bounding wire. But before you try any of his tricks, think it over...with a Camel. And remember: Camel's costlier tobaccos mean extra mildness.



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